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Another Place

If anybody, however ill-versed in constitutional matters, had been given the job of designing a watchdog second chamber for a class-ridden society in the late 20th century, it is inconceivable that they would have come up with a system embodying the worst of the hereditary principle and the least admirable aspects of meritocracy. Yet that is just what we are saddled with today. No Continental social democrat or socialist would find it tolerable or credible that his measures should be subject to a second opinion by a body whose procedure of scrutiny is hopelessly antiquated and which only exercises its right of obstruction when his own party is in power. The thing is an absurdity, and an embarrassment even to its members. They should be relieved of their humiliating position at the earliest moment.

The Tory and hereditary aspects of the Lords are the most glaring, and always have been. In effect, they represent a system of tradition which allows dead men to vote (at least metaphorically). It is not in the least surprising that this redundant and recurring element should patronise the Tory Party. The sixth Baron Carrington was good enough to let the cat out of the bag last October when he said: 'My Lords, the House of Lords is always in a difficult position in the days of a Labour government when, generally speaking, there is a majority opposed to that government in this House.' The 'difficult position' must surely refer to that of a party allegedly democratic, which does not wish to forgo unfair feudal advantages. And the 'generally speaking' might be taken to read 'invariably', irrespective of whether Labour enjoys what the Tories are pleased to concede as a 'mandate' or not.

Attempts are being made to muddy the waters of the abolitionist case, by those who say that a 'unicameral' system would be worse. The argument over whether we have a second chamber must go on, but it will hardly be conducted properly unless we are sure that the existing second chamber will be scrapped and never replaced in the same form. By the same token, the false argument about 'ill-conceived legislation' must not be allowed to pass unchallenged. No doubt a fine case can be made out for the Dock Work Regulation Bill, but if it is a bad piece of work, who are the House of Lords to say so? They were silent when dock-workers paraded at the gates for casual labour only a few years ago. As W. S. Gilbert put it, such things will only be debated sensibly.

> If the House of Peers withholds its legislative hand
> And noble statesman do not itch, to infere with matters which
> They do not understand.

There is another reason why the departure of their Lordships from politics would be a welcome and hygienic move, and it is not given sufficient weight in the current argument. If it is repugnant to be governed by accidents of birth, how much more foolish it is to strengthen a hereditary House by the addition of placemen and toadies, themselves usually the favourites of some failed or forgotten statesman. Life peerages seem to have become a way in which Prime Ministers can perpetuate their influence long after their parties or electorates have grown weary of them, which is offensive in just the same way as an earldom given to the by-blow of some duke or monarch. We will not succeed in tempering the arrogance of a Lord Curzon by diluting it with the methods of a Maundy Gregory.

It would be seductive for the Labour Party, embattled as it is, to demand that its nominees in the Lords at least have the courtesy to turn up and vote for the policy of their erstwhile comrades. Seductive, but wrong. Opposition to both hereditary and patronage forms of privilege is a test, not even of socialist principle so much as of reforming intent and commonsense. The whole question has been allowed to fester for far too long, and the spectacle it now affords does not even have the saving grace of humour or whimsy. There is no reforming the House of Lords. Each successive accretion, whether of life peers or lady peeresses, has only succeeded in throwing its unworkable and reactionary character into sharper relief. It should be not mended but ended.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Entering the Lists

WE FEEL THAT THE INTELLECTUAL CONSISTENCY OF OUR THESIS ABOUT THE MARXIST THREAT IS BEST SERVED BY THE SIMPLE RAW TRUTH THAT IS CONTAINED BY FACTS AND NAMES RATHER THAN INNUENDOES AND SMEARS.

Quite so, quite so. The Social Democratic Alliance document, with its hysterical weakness for capitalisation, does at least lay it on the line. 'Labour's Fifth Column, A documented study', it is called; it talks of the 'totalitarian beachead within the Labour movement', but it is clear that somebody in the SDA had heard of lawyers, since when it comes to giving the actual names there is a rather mild preface. The SDA believe that no MP should have any dealings with the *Morning Star*, or *Labour Monthly*, or 'communist front organisations like the World Peace Congress', or 'Trotskyite and neo-Trotskyite organisations such as the Institute for Workers' Control'. So the 33 MPs mentioned ('all of them intelligent enough to understand how their actions may be interpreted') are accused simply of ignoring these (SDA) precepts.

The SDA list is less exclusive than Iain Sproat's Ten Marked Members. Besides the three cabinet ministers (Foot, Benn and Orme) it includes some of the most conservative and respectable figures on the Left – for instance, Neil Kinnock, a man whose great ambition, I learned recently, is to become Labour Chief Whip – to inherit, as it were, the mantle of John Silkin. Then there is Eric Heffer (decency itself), Frank Allaun (whose NEC colleagues call him Creeping Jesus), and a talented gardener called Tom Swain (he was once working on his garden when the vicar looked over the hedge. 'Wonderful, isn't it,' said the vicar, 'what beauties God and man can produce together!' 'Aye,' said Swain, 'and you should have seen the bloody mess God made of it when he had it to himself').

As to the Sproat list, I'm afraid I've got into something of a muddle as to just who is on it. The new Beaujolais has just arrived in Westminster, and the memory has consequently been a little impaired. There's Herr Sneeto, that's certain, and Alma H. Rat-Hurt, and I think that Tirk Toilet MC comes into it somewhere. John S. Ricardo is definitely there, with Kim A. Narodi and of course Manny Inflarter. Hajith Turd is there, rubbing shoulders with Ann Kimono-Rants. That leaves two more . . . ah yes, Anon Jamyard and Len J. Sodom-Henn. As you see, it's a rather silly list, which is no more than one would expect from a silly man like Sproat. (If he went to Europe, would he be known as Brussels Sproat?)

Arthur Latham's request for a ruling on privilege was a very jolly occasion. Everyone was supposed to take it seriously, but nobody except Latham seemed able to keep a straight face. The Tories, I suspect, considered the Sproat Speech to be no more than the usual jolly old ding-dong debating stuff. The Labour Right are much more in sympathy with the Sproat view than they would admit. They found it terribly funny that Latham was complaining not only about the ten named members, but also on behalf of the 20 unnamed. As for the Left, there was real indignation on the part of the named but the rest seemed to find it all a bit of a lark.

When Latham had said his bit, there was a great deal of jumping up and down below the Tory gangway. 'Sir, sir, sir,' cried Nigel Lawson, the school sneak, putting his hand up to attract the master's attention, 'please sir, sir, Sedgemore is calling us names. Sir, he said we were fascists, sir, it's not fair.' In the back row of the form, Michael Brotherton had his fingers in the inkwell, and was flicking pellets of blotch across the room.

All this has distracted attention from the great events of last week, when John Mackintosh (shortly to take the chair in politics at Edinburgh?) and Brian Walden made their principled stand. My own view, in the case of Brother Walden, is that it's better to make a principled stand when you're in a condition to stand steady, and have prepared your ground in advance. I deeply disapprove of Mr Walden, but I also very much like him. Of all the MPs, he is the most dominated by fantasy. He is the *Boys' Own* hero, battling against the odds, Walter Mitty refusing the blindfold. The trouble with some of his fantasies is that he adds a little twist of his own. Last week, for instance, he was the little Dutch boy who . . . who pulled his finger out of the dyke. Next week, no doubt, he will be Horatius, stepping smartly aside to let Lars Porsena through, and the week after he will be Sir Patrick Spens, saying 'Sorry old boy, the sea looks a little choppy, you'll have to find some other "skeely skipper" to sail that ship of yours.'

After the withdrawal of Roy Jenkins from the leadership race, the Waldens of the party entered a depression. The Gaitskellite tradition was coming to an end. Now, with the imminent departure of David Marquand and Roy Jenkins, and the non-payment of subs by Roy Hattersley and Tony Crosland, the club has fallen on hard times. The sudden, impulsive abstention of last week is the sort of haphazard measure (like selling off the club silver) which tends to be taken in desperate circumstances. For Walden (who has told several colleagues that he wrote the line 'We shall fight and fight and fight again to save the party we love') the Gaitskellites were once the owners, the landlords of the Labour tradition. The Left were there, yes, to provide the vision, but the Right were there to run the show. And that control has now passed from their hands.

All this is of great interest to David Steel, who has become a convenient shoulder for the distressed gentlefolk of Labour to cry on. Steel's open letter to Shirley Williams, while it never stood any chance of an amenable reply, had the effect of attracting the attention of disillusioned Gaitskellites throughout the country, and we may expect that all those who find themselves up against the Left will be receiving 'Dear Shirley' letters in the future. Steel is apparently feeling in fine shape. While he has no intention of becoming caricatured (like Jo Grimond during the 1964 Labour Government) as a prostitute hanging on street corners to sell himself to any kerb-crawling coalition, he is aware that there may come a time when he will be approached for a deal. It has not happened yet. Senior ministers have had informal chats with Steel, but the only serious discussion with Callaghan has been about the Cenotaph ceremony.

However, if there are any more by-election results like the last ones, the time could come. For the fact is that Labour is desperate to stay in office at any cost. The grat thing is to get the oil – it must be Labour Oil, not Tory Oil. The longer Labour lasts, the more oil they get. If it is necessary to do a deal with the Liberals, it would, perhaps, be fairly cheap. After all, a lot of Liberal dreams are perfectly realisable by Labour. What about PR in the direct elections to the European, the Scottish and the Welsh Assemblies? Mr Steel's whiskers do twitch a little at the prospect. He already has a sort of mandate for horse-trading from Llandudno, and his parliamentary party is (he believes) loyally behind him. Although he is sensitive to the problem that the Liberals would be accused by the Tories of keeping the disastrous Labour Government in office, he does see that it would be nice to be able to say to the electorate – look, we aren't completely ineffectual after all. There is a point in voting for us. We have already achieved this, and this, and this. The Liberals could do with the odd achievement. If Steel got a deal, it would be the first Liberal achievement since . . . since? Since David Steel's Abortion Act.

As to Callaghan, we could hardly expect him to relish the prospect. Or could we? A Government of reasonable men, kept in office by the reasonable opposition – there is something here that smacks of the Callaghan style. Under such circumstances, would not Mrs Thatcher begin to look like a wrecker, an unpatriotic, perhaps even sinister force? The stablemate of Mr Sodom-Henn?

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David Leitch

The Ghost of Rambouillet

Sometimes, as I take out my trusty notebook and write down a phrase like 'frank and mutual exchanges' or 'climate of reciprocal confidence', I wonder whether TV news has made not only written journalism but the whole language of international discussion redundant. Let us take, as an example, the Callaghan-Giscard summit.

As the first of a regular series of such meetings, usually described nowadays as 'institutionalised bilaterals', it has a certain importance. The urgency Mr Callaghan's government attached to it was evident; the chagrin experienced by British officials when the exigencies of the Commons and Mrs Thatcher delayed Healey, Silkin and Dell in London no less so. The French press immediately started citing figures like 309/310, plunging into the arcana of the parliamentary 'pairing system', and writing pen-portraits of Mrs Thatcher, known here, I'm afraid, as 'the woman of iron'. It was a humiliating beginning, and it soon got worse.

Dinner was an affair on the grandest possible scale and local diplomats were quick to point out the nuances implicit in the French arrangements – the choice of the Château of Rambouillet, the unusually lavish food, the fact that there were fires of real logs. The action, such as it was, took place in the enormous dining-room which was once used by Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon. Then, again as a mark of special consideration since the French President and his wife, like Harold Macmillan and young people, are not much in each other's company, the presence of Madame Giscard was analysed at some length. Other French big guns included Prime Minister Barre, Foreign Minister Louis de Guiringaud, and Jacques de Beaumarchais, the Ambassador in London. A glittering assembly, you might say.

Except for the fact that throughout the length of this banquet Callaghan was obliged to keep in touch with an official humbly established in an ante-chamber (I hope he had sandwiches) with an open line to the House of Commons. Next morning the local press was full of predictions about how long the Labour government could survive. Not surprisingly, they claimed that the Prime Minister had been capable of no more than 'distracted attention' when it came to the preliminary talks on, oh dear, 'wide-ranging topics'. They did, however, put in the bits about 'mutuality' and 'cordiality' (and of course those logs). The man from the nowadays quite influential right-wing daily, *L'Aurore*, also managed to produce one nice phrase. He said that Callaghan had gone into dinner, wearing 'a circumstantial smile'.

Day two brought more talks, the missing British ministers, and the news that on his desk President Giscard had thought to have placed a small clock which Napoleon was in the habit of using for his councils of ministers. Finally the dogs got to see the rabbits. Giscard and Callaghan appeared for the waiting journalists. They were both wearing their personal variety of circumstantial smiles – the British Prime Minister's broader and cruder than that of the French President's, I think I can say with confidence.

Later, various officials from the two sides were available to comment on, or 'characterise' as they say, the talks. The English said it has all gone much better than anyone had expected. Indeed better than any Anglo-French meetings for years, unless you count Giscard's extremely successful talks with the Queen last June when these current 'bilaterals' were arranged. I asked what it was that Giscard and the Queen had found

'I saw that I must die if I continued the opium: I determined, therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off.'
THOMAS DE QUINCEY: Confessions of an English Opium Eater

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to be so friendly about, but no one knew. It is thought they talked about dogs.

All this, of course, raises the point about what Callaghan and Giscard and the others did in fact discuss or agree in Rambouillet. No topics, we learned, were barred. A French spokesman was prepared to go even further. He said that the summit had been 'if not precisely warm, at least impregnated with a spirit of mutual confidence and sympathy'.

The international flags on the town hall of Rambouillet, where all this rubbish was going on, added a wistful, Dufyesque touch. A TV man made some pictures of them which people in England probably saw. It was, in short, an entirely visual occasion. It contained no core, there was no content to speak of, it was a kind of soufflé – all air and elegance and with an entirely empty centre.

Nothing concrete, you ask, nothing at all? Well, the French are going to put in a good word for us with the IMF before 9 December (when we need to borrow the money from Peter to pay last June's debts to Paul). I expect the IMF will be most impressed. Since the French have an overdraft there too, though of only modest proportions compared to our own, I guess their Gallic collateral might be worth a modest meal in a cut-price Paris restaurant designed for coach-parties. At the very least.

So the occasion was a phantom, something which took place indubitably, something that you could take smiling pictures of without doubt, but something that defies retrospective analysis because of sheer lack of nutriment. Its only significance, and one that escaped most of the participants very likely, was historical. In the same place (with different logs) only a month short of 14 years ago General de Gaulle stunned Harold Macmillan by slamming the door on British entry into Europe. It was only weeks after the Cuban missile crisis which Jack Kennedy had weathered (supported, incidentally, by the General). In France the Algerian settlement had just been made, the General had avoided assassination at Petit-Clamart by two centimetres, and the French had given him the support he wanted in a referendum establishing the principle (still of course obtaining) of electing a President with enormous powers by universal suffrage. Macmillan went almost directly from Rambouillet to Nassau and in the Bahamas sun agreed with Kennedy the multilateral nuclear force.

When on 14 January 1963 the General gave a press conference explaining his reasons for the British veto, he cited the question of sterling balances among others – the question which only now is about to be definitely and humiliatingly resolved. The great man, less of a phantom I suspect than the current participants, whom I am reliably informed are actually alive, despite appearances, also had something very literate and to the point to say about the Anglo-French alliance:

> Everyone must have allies in the modern world, that goes without saying. But it is also necessary for a great people to have the freedom to dispose of themselves as they wish, and the requisite weapons to fight to retain this freedom. This is a formal necessity. For alliances are not composed of absolute virtues, no matter what the sentiments are on which they are based.

He is dead, Callaghan and the others are said to be living, and even smiling; but there is no doubt whose voice remains the loudest. And if the old man had been there, at least I'd have had some beautiful ringing prose to write in my note book.

Paris

Peter Wilby

Masters of the Schools

Last month, the top education officer in one of the country's biggest reorganised local authorities resigned his job because, he said, the council was no longer allowing him to run the schools and colleges properly. He's got another job, but it will mean a salary cut of £1,300 a year and rather less security of tenure. Curiously, though the *Times Educational Supplement* splashed the story in bold type across its front page, the affair was virtually ignored by the national press.

Yet Derrick Williams, chief education officer for Avon, resigned over a form of bureaucratic insanity that concerns nearly every one of his colleagues in local education authorities up and down the country. The Society of Education Officers has felt strongly enough to tell its members to contact the Society and listen to the facts before answering Avon's advertisement for Mr Williams's successor – the nearest that such an august body could come to 'blacking' the job.

The story goes back to 1971 when, in anticipation of reorganised local government, the Department of the Environment, and four local authority associations, set up a committee on management structures, chaired by M. A. Bains, clerk of Kent County Council. The committee (which did not include an education officer) reported in favour of more 'corporate management' in local government. There should be more coordination of and control over the work of the separate departments – education, social services, highways, police and the rest – by central management men, particularly personnel and finance experts.

But what this sort of recommendation nearly always means is more duplication, more waste, more confusion – in short, more bureaucracy. It means fewer people spending less time on the job of providing a public service (whether it is manufacturing soap, supplying electricity or teaching children) and more people spending more time on the self-generating and self-justifying requirements of the organisation itself.

That is just what has happened in Avon and other authorities. In his resignation statement, Mr Williams said: 'The management of the education service is fragmented between so many committees and administrative departments of the council that there is no united or effective direction of it . . . I find too little corporate management and too many uncoordinated managers.' Education has always been the chief target for the corporate managers. It is the biggest local government spender and, traditionally, the most independent department. In the past, many chief education officers have been more than bureaucrats content to carry out, with more or less enthusiasm, the wishes of their political masters. They have been men with policies and visions of their own. They included men like Henry Morris, Cambridge's chief education officer from 1922-1954, who invented the community school, which would serve everyone from birth to death and regenerate decaying country villages, as well as teach children. When his plans were opposed by parsimonious councillors, Morris went off to America to raise the money.

The Bains Committee, in an interim report, wanted to deprive education of this special status by repealing the statutory requirements that local authorities have separate education committees, and that they consult the Secretary of State for Education over the appointment and dismissal of CEOs. Neither recommendation was implemented. But education, because it involves so many disparate services (it needs buses, meals, buildings, playing fields, books), is vulnerable to interference from almost every other local government department. Because education is labour-intensive, the personnel department has particularly strong claims. Bains identified 'the manpower resource' (that means people em-

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ployed by the council, including teachers) as 'costly, inevitably wasting, capricious in behaviour and capable of development'. The English may be barbaric enough to make Mr Kingsley Amis gasp, but you get the implication.

No other authority is said to have taken corporate management as far as Avon. But other education officers complain that decisions about financial cuts are made by resources committee, instead of the details being left to the expertise of the education committee (which includes coopted teachers) and the specialist staff. Lincolnshire's county council raised non-vocational adult education course fees from 10p to 40p an hour. The result, as anyone who knew adult education could have told the council if it had listened, was that enrolments dropped by 95 per cent. The fees have now gone down again to 23p an hour. Other education authorities complain of orders to cut costs by dismissing part-time staff. Yet certain sections of the education service (further and adult education, and special tuition for immigrants are examples) would collapse without part-timers. The insistence on rigid staff-student ratios in technical colleges can mean the demise of 'link courses' that give school children a chance to try out some sort of vocational education.

But has not the Prime Minister called for more public control over education? Would it not be wrong to allow education departments and teachers to carry on in their own way? Certainly. But corporate management, as it is being widely applied, leads to less accountability, not more. Once, if parents had a complaint against a school, they could be reasonably sure that the blame and the redress lay somewhere in the educational hierarchy – with the head, the school governors, the CEO or the education committee. Now, it may be the responsibility of some nameless and inaccessible bureaucrat in any one of six different departments at the town hall. Besides, if education or any other service is to be accountable in any meaningful sense, it must set objectives against which its performance can be measured. It is hard to see how personnel or finance departments can set objectives that apply equally to teachers, social workers, rent collectors and road-sweepers.

If we are to get a better education service, responsive to public needs, our best hope is the democratic machinery of local government, not the blunter instrument of Whitehall direction. But local government democracy is being destroyed by insensitive, arrogant and self-seeking bureaucrats, who know nothing and care less about genuine public service. 'Administration is only safe,' observed Henry Morris, 'when it is in the hands of the philosopher and thinker, the teacher and the artist, and the saint for whom administration exists merely as the instrument for realising quality and value. Such people are always economical of their use of administration; for them, three parts of quality goes with one part of administration. In our contemporary world, it often happens that we have three parts administration.' Morris said that in 1946, heaven knows what he would say if he were alive today.

Robin Cook

7,000 Warheads in Search of a Kill

Earlier this year a new publishing house on defence surfaced with the neatly neutral title of the Foreign Affairs Research Institute. Despite its impartial, almost academic, name the organisation is patently a Tory front. Its 'Governing Council' consists of eight Conservative MPs and peers, plus such impartial commentators as Michael Ivens, director of Aims for Freedom, Robert Moss, director of National Association for Freedom, and the naval correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. They have given themselves an elaborate coat-of-arms surmounted by a helmet on a rococco background of unhealthily luxuriant foliage. The visor of the helmet is shut, presumably to symbolise closed minds.

Their latest offering follows the pattern of previous publications. The author, Air Vice-Marshal (retired) Stewart Menaul, takes as his starting premise the assumption that the Russians have such overwhelming superiority that a Nato defence with conventional weapons would collapse 'within hours, or at best a few days', and builds on that apocalyptic foundation a demand for greater reliance on unconventional weapons, in particular more and better battlefield nuclear weapons.

Now it is an open question whether we should concede to the Russians such colossal conventional superiority without a greater struggle, but let us, purely for the sake of the argument, resist the temptation to challenge Menaul's premise – and instead examine his conclusion that we need more tactical nuclear weapons.

As things stand we have over 7,000 of them on our side of the European divide, and their abundance already poses the chilling possibility that one of them might be appropriated for what is politely termed 'unauthorised use'. Nearly 120,000 US servicemen have access to nuclear weapons, and one Congressional inquiry has unearthed that 3,647 of them were dismissed in the course of 1972 on grounds of alcoholism or drug abuse. An alternative risk was illustrated by the Turkish invasion of Cyprus, when US forces in both Greece and Turkey had to be placed on maximum alert lest either host country attempted to divert tactical nuclear weapons to their own little conflict.

There is a conspiracy among the defence Establishment to minimise the explosive potential of these 'tactical' weapons. Thus Menaul describes the lance missile; which is in service with two British regiments, as being a sub-kiloton option. In fact it can carry warheads up to 50 kilotons, slightly *larger* than the modified warheads being fitted to our Polaris missiles and more than double the original Fat Boy that was dropped on Hiroshima. Such an explosion would flatten by blast all buildings within a seven-mile radius and consume by fire many more throughout a wider area. Manifestly, such weapons could not be used in a densely populated region such as Central Europe without enormous civilian casualities, or 'collateral damage' (as we are known to the military). Their effect would be strategic, not tactical, and they could only defend Europe by destroying it.

Indeed, it has been argued that the only real distinction between a strategic and tactical nuclear weapon is that the weapon which hits your own heartland is strategic but whatever is dropped on anyone else's territory is tactical. The consequences of such a subjective definition is to pose an acute dilemma for the Western Alliance.

Nato's strategy is that in the event of Soviet success in a conventional war we will fire a tactical nuclear weapon as a signal to the Russians that we are prepared to escalate the conflict. Unfortunately for the credibility of this strategy, Nato has never figured out what target we could fire it at. West Germany, after all, is a member of the alliance and has always resisted the notion that the warning shot might come down on her territory, even on bits that might have been overrun. On the other hand, no one is quite sure that if we fire it into East Germany or Poland the victims will be sufficiently sophisticated to perceive they have been hit by a tactical rather than a strategic weapon. The consequent indecision has been defended by some on the grounds that our vagueness at least keeps the Soviets guessing.

I have heard one senior Nato diplomat attempt to resolve their dilemma by identifying as the dream target a massed Soviet flotilla steaming across the Baltic to attack Denmark. However, this is absurd. For one thing the Russians are weak in amphibious capability and are most unlikely to attempt a sea-borne invasion. For another, if we have been driven to firing a nuclear weapon because Soviet tanks are merrily rolling across the German plain, it is most improbable that the Russians will be so obliging as to clamber into boats in order to reach Denmark, when they are already abreast of her land border.

Of course the whole theory is absurd, even surrealist. The fact is this kind of clever parlour war-game bears no relation to the reality of the battlefield, and here we come to the second dilemma of the Western strategy. The theory of a controlled escalation by means of a single shot demands perfection in the discipline and coordination of the allied forces, but implicit in the strategy is the assumption that the decision will be taken in the wake of a Russian breakthrough, when communication and command chains may be collapsing into chaos. What is actually going to happen is some artillery commander who finds his unit encircled and threatened with extinction by an advancing armoured column is going to loose off a nuclear round.

And what happens next? Once we cross the firebreak between conventional and

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nuclear explosives we have little hope of preventing the conflagration spreading to encompass the globe. Indeed, the Germans welcome the presence of tactical nuclear weapons precisely because they guarantee that any Soviet invasion is likely to end in a strategic exchange between the super powers. As one former Pentagon official brutally expressed it: 'The Nato doctrine is that we will fight with conventional forces until we are losing, then we fight with tactical nuclear weapons until we are losing, and then we blow up the world.'

In short, we possess an abundance of weapons for which we have yet to identify an agreed target – let alone *7,000* targets – but which we are reasonably confident will trigger off Armageddon if ever fired. Moreover, the advent in Europe of US tactical nuclear weapons has stimulated the deployment of Soviet counterparts, which are typically much larger and clumsier weapons with yields in the megaton range. Equally predictably the Soviets have responded to Nato's strategy of using our tactical nuclear weapons to halt a conventional attack by developing a military doctrine based on pre-emptive strikes by their own.

Last year Nato tacitly recognised that we have more of these weapons than are required for any conceivable rational purpose by offering to include 1,000 of them in a Vienna negotiations on force reductions. Now, however, Air Vice-Marshal Menaul is demanding that we procure even more of them, and start up a new line in the arms race by developing small yield warheads which would kill by prompt radiation rather than by blast.

For centuries old men have spent their retirement thinking up new ways for young men to die. They are still doing so.

Stanley Uys

South Africa's New Black Puritans

After five months of slogging it out with the police in the streets, pitting rocks against bullets and clenched fists against tear gas, the black youth of South Africa have launched into the second phase of their struggle – a cultural revolution of quite extraordinary character. Without consciously copying the Chinese, the young black pupils and students have embarked on an almost ritualistic destruction of the hierarchical social order in their segregated townships – the order which has tolerated apartheid all these years. It is a form of purification for the long struggle that lies ahead against the Vorster regime. The black youngsters are the new puritans. The time has come, they declare, for self-denial and immolation. Parties, dancing, levity – all this is over. The discos must be closed down. The girls must stop wearing cosmetics, wigs and slacks.

The most dramatic manifestation of the cultural revolution was the destruction of more than 100 shebeens – illicit liquor dens in the townships – by 3,000 Cape Town boys and girls who marched through Guguletu and Nyanga, in groups of three to four hundred, systematically identifying the shebeens and wrecking them. The reek of spilled liquor hung over the township like a pall. The fat shebeen 'queens' shuffled out to view the havoc in disbelief. Their dens, a hangover from the days when blacks could not buy white liquor, had become legendary township institutions. Many a black man went there with his meagre pay packet to drown his sorrows or fight verbal wars against apartheid. 'This is where our fathers drank to forget about apartheid,' the youngsters said. 'This is where they lost the struggle.' The youngsters did not only smash bottles: they also wrecked the (by township standards) luxurious interiors. Windows, furniture, nothing escaped them. They also waited at bus terminals for adults carrying shopping bags with liquor, and smashed the bottles. Nobody dared to intervene, even when four schoolgirls chided and mock-whipped an old greybeard who was drunk.

The shebeen queens were alert enough to get the message. At the end of July, several of them received anonymous warnings that their bars would be burnt down if they did not close. One letter said: 'It is with great regret we inform you that we no more need your liquor. Stop selling the poison to our nation.' Shebeen owners formed an association to promote 'shebeen-student understanding'.

Now the youths plan a Christmas boycott. A leaflet calls on 'all fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and workers in all cities, towns and villages in the country to boycott bottle stores and clothing, furniture, toy and record shops over the Christmas period . . . all things that we enjoy must be suspended for the sake of our kids who died from police bullets'. No Christmas presents, parties, cards, shopping, drinking or celebrating. It's not pure puritanism either: there is hard-nosed economic thinking behind it. The black share of the retail market in South Africa is 50 per cent. Africans account, too, for 43 per cent of the kitchen appliance market, 28 per cent of the bedroom furniture market, and 35 per cent of lounge and dining-room furniture sales. Faced with a deepening recession, this is all white shopkeepers need. This is the black man's way, too, of punishing white employers who sacked black workers for taking part in the many recent stay-at-homes.

Any black parent will testify to the grip the youngsters, some aged only 10 and 12, have on the townships. They hold the elders in thrall. 'They are young,' said a black civic leader, 'but as a group they are deadly. I am not prepared to tackle them.' A member of Soweto's Urban Bantu Council (a 'stooge' body, according to the youngsters) said: 'I have strong views about what the students are doing. I am opposed to violence to bring about change for blacks. But if you quote me, I may be dead by Monday.' A black headmaster who remonstrated with his pupils for demonstrating was told, 'We always knew you were a sell-out.' They beat him up, kicked him, and put him in his car and sent him off, warning him not to return. Then they turned to the assistant headmaster, and said: 'Now you are headmaster.' Young boys and girls have ordered adults to attend meetings, and once, in Cape Town, they told thousands of them to march on a police station. Often they showed their contempt openly for their parents, and called them cowards. They organised the 60/80-per-cent successful stay-aways by black workers in Soweto and Cape Town, simply by warning the workers they would be assaulted and their houses burnt down if they went to work.

There are various reasons why the dynamic leadership of the black townships has passed into the hands of pupils and students. They are in the majority. Of Soweto's one million inhabitants, for example, 52 per cent are under 25, and 63 per cent under 30. Of 1,200 blacks killed, admitted to hospital or brought before the courts recently as a result of the disturbances, 44 per cent were 13-16 years old, 49 per cent were 17-23 years old, and only 7 per cent were older than 24. Another factor is the political vacuum into which the youngsters were able to step through their black consciousness organisations – almost all the African, Coloured and Indian 'leaders' in South Africa, today even if they oppose apartheid, owe their status to apartheid institutions; as such, they are rejected by the young black radicals, even the Zulu leader, Chief Buthelezi. There is the further factor that the young generation of blacks have lived all their lives under apartheid (the Government has been in office for 28 years now), and do not understand the conditional subservience that shaped their parents. They are impatient with the old order, and unafraid to a degree of recklessness.

But where do the black children go from here? For five months they have kept South Africa in turmoil. Hundreds have died, hundreds more have been wounded, and thousands have passed through the courts or been summarily detained. They have caused enormous damage to property, and even now sporadic instances of the self-laceration of the black townships still occur. One of the reasons why the young blacks are still active in the field is that they have no conventional leadership or organisational structure, and the security police have been threshing around vainly trying to identify the 'ringleaders'. But the sheer scope and intensity of the present police raids must take its toll of black radicals. Already more than 200 black pupils, mostly from Soweto, have fled to Swaziland, where they have

This South Africa

☐ A man was arrested several weeks after raping a woman when the stolen car he was driving crashed into a ravine where off-duty policemen were having a barbecue, Parramatta court heard yesterday. – *The Age* (Caroline Fricke)

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asked for political asylum. Others are hiding miserably in the bushes around Cape Town's black townships.

The question is whether the youngsters can sustain the momentum of their struggle. They know that, in the black consciousness movement, they have a powerful instrument to unify all blacks, regardless of tribal or political affiliations. And some young blacks want to keep it this way: they see a race struggle, an emotional crusade, as the answer to apartheid. But a growing number of other young blacks are looking for an ideological base, and are drifting into African socialism, Marxism, black communalism and so forth. This is the price whites will pay for delaying change too long: whoever brings black majority rule to South Africa, will certainly want to change its economic system as well.

It seems, too, that the seeds of future black conflict are being sown. The two exile movements, the African National Congress and Pan-Africanist Congress, are each canvassing support among the young blacks; but many of the young radicals are keeping aloof from both the ANC and PAC. Even if the ANC leader, Nelson Mandela, were to be released from Robben Island tomorrow, and return to active politics, his charisma would not necessarily guarantee him undisputed leadership of the black masses. The radicals would wait to see what line he took before they supported him. ANC, PAC, black consciousness radicals of various kinds – the rivalry between these heirs to the South African estate one day could become savage and destructive.

In the process, the white man will find himself with few black friends, because no radical black leader dares to be seen in these days consorting with whites. Black radicals have found white liberalism particularly cloying, and they have rejected it almost insultingly. Some say that one day there will be a black-white homecoming; but one must be a Utopian to believe this.

If there is one outstanding success (or failure, depending on how you look at it) the young blacks have achieved, it has been to widen the gap between black demands and white concessions. This in itself is menacing enough; what is even more dismaying is that Mr Vorster's government does not seem to care whether it bridges the gulf or not. Throughout the past five months of black turmoil, Pretoria has maintained a sullen silence, and it's a vicious circle now: Mr Vorster says he will consider changes only when 'law and order' are restored, and the blacks say they will restore 'law and order' only once changes have been made. God help South Africa.

Cape Town

Tony Hodges

The Fate of SWAPO Dissidents

One might suppose that the Namibians have enough to cope with fighting to expel the South Africans from their country. It should therefore come as a shock to supporters of liberation in Southern Africa to hear that 11 top leaders of SWAPO (the South West African People's Organisation), including five members of its executive committee as well as the president and secretary-general of its Youth League, are now detained without charge or trial in Tanzanian jails.

This disconcerting news comes at a time of mounting crisis in Namibia, where, according to Sean MacBride, the UN Commissioner for Namibia, more than 50,000 South African troops are now engaged in counter-insurgency operations against SWAPO guerrillas in the north of the country. The Zambian and Tanzanian crack-down has hit a dissident wing of SWAPO which has lost confidence in the party's president, Sam Nujoma. The danger is that the repressive methods used against the anti-Nujoma group could set off a vicious circle of factionalism reminiscent of the destructive in-fighting which has plagued other liberation movements in Southern Africa, notably in Angola and Zimbabwe.

The dissidents came together just over a year ago to demand the rapid convocation of a SWAPO congress. This, they said, was overdue, the previous congress having met in 1969. In making their call for a congress, the dissidents charged that the movement was shot through with corruption and inefficiency, which, they said, had sabotaged the war effort. They complained that the guerillas were issued with out-dated weapons and received inadequate supplies of ammunition, food and medicines: some guerrillas, they alleged, had even starved to death. But the most explosive issue seems to have been Angola. 'There is concrete evidence,' the dissidents charged, 'that our arms had been given to UNITA.' Moreover, citing battles at Sirpa Pinto, Munyango and Kangube, they claimed that 'our people were forced by reactionary commanders to fight alongside the Boers against MPLA'.

During the Angolan civil war, Zambia gave valuable covert support to UNITA, despite its professed neutrality, and it is certainly possible (though by no means proven) that this included the diversion of SWAPO-destined arms to UNITA's Armed Forces for the Liberation of Angola (PALA). Whatever the truth, SWAPO must have been thrown into some confusion by the sudden tactical alliance forged by UNITA – an erstwhile ally upon whom it had relied considerably for the movement of guerrillas and supplies through Southern Angola – i.e. the Namibians' principal enemy.

The dissidents' stories of collusion with UNITA may have been the principal motive behind the Zambian government's crack-down. Certainly, President Kaunda has been keen since the MPLA's victory in the Angolan war to mend fences with the Luanda regime – and with the minimum possible domestic embarrassment. An additional possibility is that the Zambian government was wary of the dissidents' stated hostility to Kaunda's détente diplomacy in Southern Africa.

Whatever the exact causes, the Zambian authorities clamped down at the end of April. Eleven top SWAPO leaders were detained, including five members of the party's Executive Committee, among them Solomon Mifima (the Secretary for Labour) and Andreas Shipanga (the Secretary for Information). Several prominent leaders of SWAPO's Youth League were among the detainees. Forty-eight well-known other SWAPO oppositionists were arrested at the same time and detained in Mwinilunga, North-West Zambia. Shipanga, who applied without success for a writ of *habeas corpus* in Lusaka's High Court in June, decided to take his case to the Zambian Supreme Court. But, on 18 July, five days before the Supreme Court hearing, Shipanga and his ten co-detainees at Nampundwe were bundled on to a military plane and flown to Dar-es-Salaam. From there, they were delivered to Tanzania's Ukonga prison. No charges have been published. Indeed, when I asked last week for an explanation from the Tanzanian High Commissioner in London, Amon Nsekela, he said he knew nothing of the case. 'In Tanzania', he said, 'the names of detainees are not published.'

Meanwhile, it also seems that a large number of less prominent SWAPO oppositionists are being held under Zambian army guard at a one-time ZANU camp near Kabwe. A letter sent last July by a group of 'SWAPO fighters' from 'Buloma Concentration Camp', Kabwe, reported that 'the last experience with the Zambian government was the detention of the whole 900-1,000 anti-corruption fighters who were abducted from the front and put in a concentration camp in Kabwe district.' Several days later, a second dispatch, this time signed by 'SWAPO anti-corruption fighters', claimed that

> on the 5 August 1976: At 3.06 p.m. more than 1,000 SWAPO anti-corruption fighters wanted to march out of the concentration camp peacefully to Lusaka (owing to starvation) in order to ask the African Liberation Committee of the OAU for trucks to transport us to Angola. We were unarmed, not even with sticks or stones. The peaceful march of ours was arranged in two files. While preparing to move, the Zambian [soldiers] opened fire on us. Three people were killed at the spot and 13 others seriously injured.

Perhaps the most ominous chapter of this story, though, is the following. On 5 August, Nujoma told the *Times of Zambia* that the dissidents were South African agents who had been 'planted' in SWAPO. They had, he said, been 'uprooted and completely overthrown' and the Central Committee had set up a military tribunal to try them. Asked what their maximum punishment could be, Nujoma replied: 'Definitely death by firing squad . . . but, of course, justice must prevail.'

Shipanga, however, says that the detainees have been framed. 'If our detention and jailing has done anything,' he has written, 'it is an incalculable damage to the unity in our movement.'

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Corinna Adam

At the Directors' Meeting

The very words 'Institute of Directors' make for a crude picture – and no one resents it more than the members themselves. It makes them appear, at worst, like the 'company directors' who appear in the nastier pages of the *News of the World*; at best, like the kind of *simplistes* who would automatically endorse Prince Philip's remarks about the debilitating effects of the welfare state (made in a special issue of the *Engineer*). Both are wrong, judging at least by those members I met last week at their annual convention at the Albert Hall.

First, to define them. They are certainly intent on their respectability; they do not, though, think they have a monopoly of the virtues of hard work. They do not much like their organisation being described as 'The Bosses' Trade Union', though that may be one way of looking at it. There are some 37,000 of them, paying a subscription of £30 a year, and elected (as in other unions) by proposal by another member of the organisation. For that £30, they get membership of the Number Ten (Belgrave Square) Club, a copy of their monthly magazine the *Director*, and 'access to various advisory services'.

They have been through a bad time lately, according to their new director, Jan Hildreth, who took over a year ago, was dismayed by the accounts, and put the subscription up from £14 to £30, thereby losing some third of his membership. These are not grand men, like the members of the CBI; they are small businessmen, mostly, although one is told that '400 of the members come from the 80 top companies'. (Some, too, come from the nationalised industries – which was not true at the height of their *Poujadiste* vociferousness of 15 years ago.) They admit to coming, as they put it, from 'light' or middle-sized companies'; and are anxious to decide precisely who they are. Anyone can say he is a company director, and the IoD does not have the facilities to check up.

There may in the future have to be, says Mr Hildreth, not just the 'private vetting process' which goes on – and which the members may like in their local clubs, however much they disapprove of it in trade unions. There might even have to be an exam of sorts. What sorts? Well, that is yet to be decided. It is very nice indeed to have your premises (and your writing paper) based on Belgrave Square: it might turn out to be too expensive, unless the Institute can attract some of the Confederation men. A potentially dangerous combination; sheer snobbery might rule it out.

Of course the old image dies hard. When we went into the Albert Hall, the automatic music was assuring us that we were sure to gather lilacs in the spring again; after lunch, it was equally noisily certain that there'll always be an England. It was the annual binge, the chance to see old Charlie or young Bob again: but it was still different from expectations – neither euphoric – 'We are on the way', nor alarmingly right-wing. Perhaps one of the most representative of the people I talked to, an elderly man with a smallish printing business, said: 'Of course we all – or anyway three-quarters of us – vote Conservative. But I sometimes think it's wrong the way we go around calling ourselves "directors". The wrong impression, y'know. What we really do is manage, and frankly,' he said, watching to see if I appreciated the irony as he bit into a piece of plastic chicken, 'I think there'd be a lot to be said for us calling ourselves "workers".' And this feeling made itself heard especially during the speech by Sir Michael Swann, chairman of the BBC Governors. He was the one person some of the audience (after lunch) chose to bellow at. He seemed to anger them particularly by suggesting that the reason for management's bad public image is simply their own incompetence, their own unwillingness to talk during industrial disputes, while the union side was much more amenable. It turned out to be the most infuriating remark of the day.

These are the middle class of England, and they haven't been beaten yet, for all their rate of taxes, and rail fares, and worries about education. But despite their deliberate simplicity, their personal amiability, the 'directors' do enjoy having it made clear to them that they are not quite as other men are. The choice of acompanying music may not have been exactly highbrow, but I counted at least three quotations from Homer (in English, luckily), one from Kipling, and one (of the most corny) from Franklin D. Roosevelt in the speeches. The Dean of St Paul's, known for his New Zealand origins and his habit of writing letters about right-wing economics to *The Times*, corrected various speakers' biblical references, more perhaps to his own enjoyment than to anyone else's.

But the speech which went down best was undoubtedly Paul Johnson's – a recognisably eloquent polemic on the premise that the closed shop was about to be the greatest danger to English liberties since the Star Chamber. The audience roared (yes, literally) its approval. Perhaps partly as a result they seemed to take something of a dislike to Mrs Thatcher, the next speaker.

It may be simply that Mrs Thatcher was overtaken by a fit of crossness at the response to Mr Johnson's speech – for which, truth be told, I held no brief. But she departed at length from her prepared text – a convoluted piece on 'What is the mixed economy?' to attack Mr Johnson: and the audience didn't seem to like it. 'Uninspired' was the most used word. I had come – prejudiced, perhaps – expecting to find them, in their cheerful self-made way, the members of her natural constituency. I was wrong.

Donald Gould

Physician, Teach Thyself

On Tuesday a committee of the great and the good among the members of the medical Establishment published a report entitled *Competence to Practise*. This is a subject of the utmost importance, and its importance increases almost daily as new and more powerful weapons are put into doctors' hands. A century ago things moved a good deal more slowly than they do now, and although in those days doctors could do very little to influence the course of a disease, and were largely valuable as dispensers of spiritual and psychological aid and comfort, at the same time they seemed at least to do relatively little harm to their patients. Some of the drugs used, like mercury, and some of the procedures, like overenthusiastic bleedings and purgings, may well have shortened the time taken by some clients on a one-way trip through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but most forms of therapy carried nothing like the risks posed by modern synthetic drugs and heroic surgical procedures.

Today sober-minded experts (not just dedicated anti-medicine propagandists like Brian Inglis and Ivan Illich) reckon that about one in three patients in hospital have some kind of unwanted effect from the drugs they take and that in 5 per cent of hospital admissions a drug has contributed to the condition which brings the patient in. Only a couple of years ago, Sir Ronald Bodley-Scott, as chairman of the Medicines Commission, said: 'Doctors of my generation, particularly in general practice, have no idea how to use, I suppose, 90 per cent of modern drugs.'

Sir Ronald spoke no less than the truth. To take but one sad example, despite the cautionary exhortations of experts, family doctors continue to prescribe vast quantities of antibiotics for the 'treatment' of viral infections upon which the drugs dispensed have no effect whatever, and thus the multiplication of antibiotic-resistant strains of dangerous germs is mightily encouraged.

More than half the adult population of Britain, and almost one-third of all children, take some kind of medication every day. It is inconceivable that more than a tiny fraction of this vast intake of potential poisons is doing anybody any good, and yet some 75 per cent of all the medicines swallowed with such reckless abandon have been obtained on repeat prescriptions from

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friendly, neighbourhood family physicians. This evil habit of irresponsible repeat-prescribing, with receptionists often left to hand out the necessary slips of paper to regular clients whom the doctor does not see, has led to countless old people drugging themselves dangerously and, all too often, fatally, with a hotch-potch of powerful remedies, often first prescribed years earlier, which they may have long since ceased to need. An honest past-president of the Pharmaceutical Society, who runs a high street chemist's shop, has described the prescribing habits of the average doctor as 'diabolical'. A young medical graduate of the 1870s could carry with him into practice the skills and understandings he had acquired at his medical school, and find that they stood him in good stead, with only a few additions, until he retired at the end of a professional lifetime, 40 years of so later. 'Nowadays not only new drugs, but new diagnostic tests, new ways of handling common illnesses (coronary thrombosis is an example), new ideas concerning the role of the doctor in health care, and even new or newly recognised diseases, crop up at such a rate that any doctor left on a desert island for a couple of years would be dangerously out of date by the time he returned.

To appreciate the scale and speed of developments in medicine and health care it is only necessary to reflect that physicians, still vigorous and in active practice, who qualified at about the time of the outbreak of World War II, had heard nothing of the effects of smoking on health, or oral contraceptives, polio vaccines, the drug treatment of tuberculosis, renal dialysis and kidney transplants, penicillin, cardiac pacemakers, or even the NHS.

All this being so, it is disappointing to find that the report published last Tuesday by the committee which included representatives of the British Medical Association, the Royal Colleges, the universities, and other bodies concerned with the training and the professional competence of doctors, is a thoroughly wishy-washy affair. Three years ago a World Health Organisation expert committee met in Geneva to consider the situation regarding the continuing education of doctors worldwide. The members were appalled by what they found. In most countries there is practically no organised system of continuing education for physicians, and such programmes as do exist are rarely related to the needs of the health services of the countries concerned. Too often family doctors are invited to hear lectures on heart transplants or space medicine or such other subjects dear to the hearts of the pundits recruited to keep their less illustrious fellow professionals 'up to date'. What is needed (and it is something the latest British report signally fails to point out) is a recognition of the truth that teaching people how to learn is a special skill in its own right. Teachers in medical schools, and people concerned with continuing postgraduate education, must be prepared to be taught themselves. I wish *Competence to Practise* had spelt that out. For it is essential to the public good that doctors today are encouraged to go on learning their trades for the whole of their working lives. It takes a body of expert educators to accomplish that.

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Profile: Anthony Crosland

The Man with the Stigma

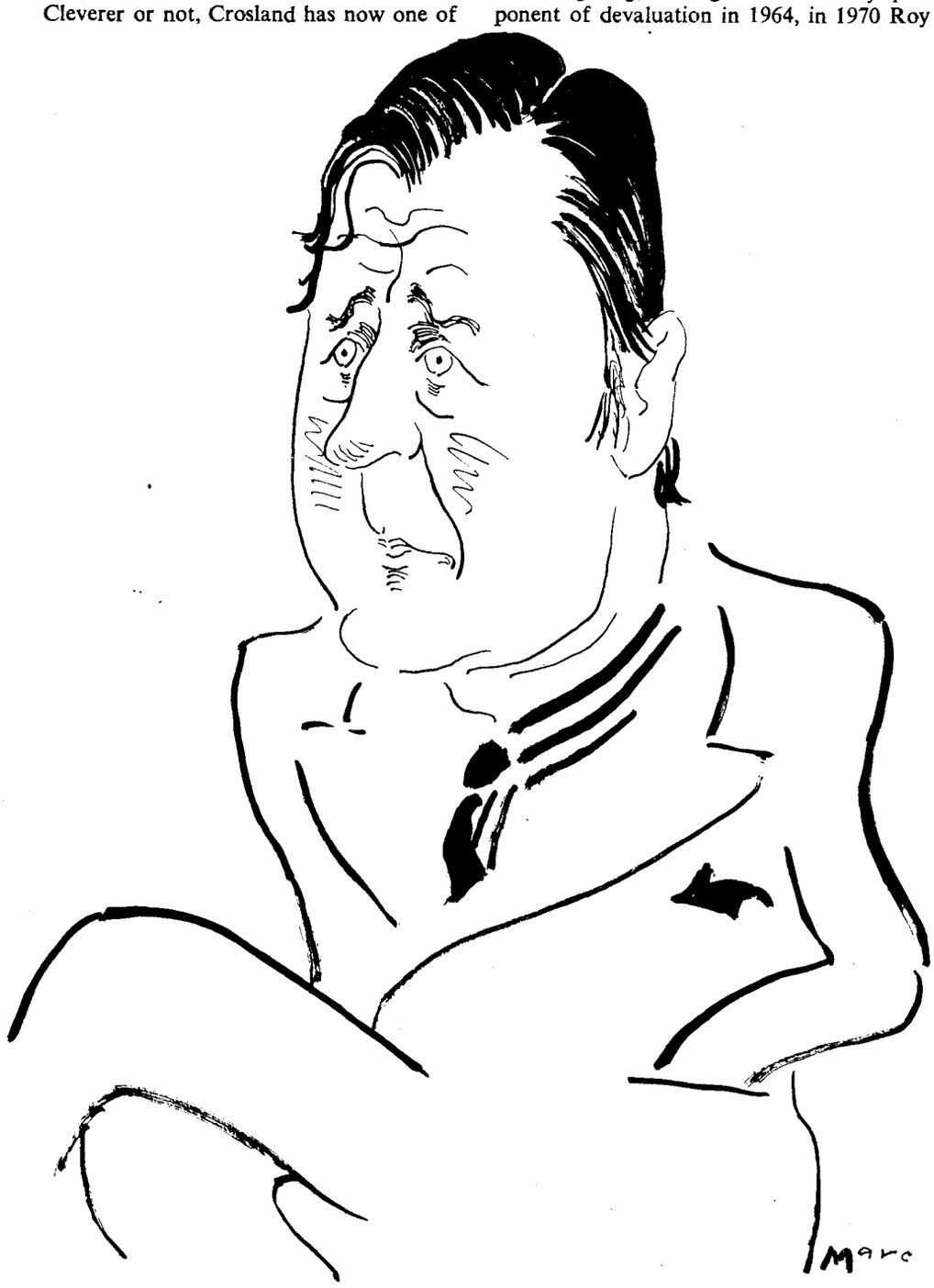
The lecturer, C. A. R. Crosland, was late, and several of the undergraduates began to drift off. The accumulated smell of former meals hung unpleasantly in the air of Trinity dining hall, but the place was impressive enough to a freshman, and particularly so to one member of a smaller college who had decided to wait around on the off-chance. In the distance, he could hear laughter and the clinking of glass. A cocktail party was in progress. It seemed to be progressing across the quad. It was getting nearer all the time. Then the doors were flung open and the cocktail party staggered into the hall, led by the lecturer. Drinks in hand, the party proceeded to high table. The lecturer was tall, handsome and able – just about able – to address himself to his subject over the jeers and catcalls of the cocktail party. It was an impressive introduction to an Oxford education, not to mention a future Secretary of State for Education, or the grave figure of our present Foreign Secretary.

Twenty-eight years later, Crosland appears to have had just about enough of cocktail party conversation (he will send his wife to report on the social scene), but he retains several of the other qualities which established themselves in this period. The famous rudeness, for instance. When the undergraduate Paul Johnson recognised a lady of his acquaintance in Crosland's company, and approached her, Crosland turned to him and said: I'm a senior member of this university – bugger off!' He was never shy with a sharp phrase. When Anthony Wedgwood Benn, on graduating, told the press that his intention was to lose the stigma of the intellectual, Crosland's comment was that in order to lose a stigma one had first to acquire it.

It was a stigma that Crosland himself acquired at an early age, and one which he wears today as a badge, a decoration. To have written *The Future of Socialism* by the age of 38 – *that's* something. No matter that the book may have been wrong. It was only wrong about Britain. And a future *Future of Socialism*, were it to be written, would have to address itself precisely to the question: Why is Britain a special case? How did Crosland come to be mistaken? In this sense, we may compare Crosland's view of his own influence with that of Euclid. For two millennia geometry *was* Euclid. As long as Euclid's fifth postulate held, everything else followed, and those who set out to replace Euclid had to do so on his own terms. In Crosland's case of course the time-scale was much shorter. It is two decades since *The Future of Socialism*, and Crosland's fifth postulate, growth, has long since let him down.

But no other member of the cabinet has written a comparable work of political theory (very few of them have written a book worth looking at) and it gives Crosland enormous pleasure to come across world politicians who have read and respected his work. Indeed, on his accession to the Foreign Office earlier this year, Crosland considered his reputation abroad, and particularly in Europe, to be just as important a qualification for the job as an intimate knowledge of world affairs (a quality he was accused of lacking). His books perform the useful job of propping up the table of his self-esteem, on such occasions as it might be a little wonky. He never got on with Richard Crossman, for instance, and thought Crossman jealous of his intellectual achievements. On one occasion, however, a group were watching television and vocally admiring the way Crossman was 'coming over'; Crosland became increasingly irritated, until he suddenly blurted out, 'All right, you can say what you like, but I'm *cleverer* than he is.'

Cleverer or not, Crosland has now one of the best records of any departmental minister, and a long and varied career behind him. Indeed, he once said that if the proverbial plane went down over the Atlantic, with his wife and him on board, neither of them could have any regrets about the way things had gone. She (Susan Barnes, the former Mrs Patrick Skene Catling) was known as a writer of first-class profiles. He had had a marvellous political career. In 1964-70, for instance, starting out as Economic Secretary to the Treasury, stepping into Education and Science after a few months, in 1967 becoming one of the few really enthusiastic Presidents of the Board of Trade, ending up in Local Government, with responsibilities which were later gathered into the portfolio of Environment. Elected to the shadow cabinet in 1970, Opposition spokesman on, and finally inheritor of, the Environment itself. All of the jobs were of economic importance, so that, even if he might have been disappointed at being passed over as Jim Callaghan's chosen successor to the Treasury, he nevertheless was there, fighting, throughout. An early preponent of devaluation in 1964, in 1970 Roy



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Jenkins's most distinguished cabinet critic.

And now what? On the resignation of Harold Wilson, Crosland was faced with an interesting choice – whether to stand, or to repeat his performance in supporting Callaghan against Wilson and Brown. To one member of the Government, stranded in Bulgaria, it seemed obvious that he should keep out of the contest: Roy Hattersley is said to have phoned Crosland specifically in order to warn him off; he got through, on the antiquated phone, and was told that Crosland could not be contacted; 'Mr Crosland has just gone to Buckingham Palace,' said a voice. Alas, the vision of a revisionist coup proved to be unfounded, and when Hattersley returned he had to tell Crosland that he would be supporting our present PM. 'I see,' said Crosland, 'now fuck off.' (They made it up a little later.) Crosland's poor showing (17 votes) may have looked like the end of the leadership bid, but it is somewhat distorted by the number of Right and Centre runners in the field.

There is no doubt that Crosland would have been happy to stay on at Environment, where he had much unfinished work to which he was committed. However the offer of the Foreign Office (with the almost public promise of an eventual switch to the Treasury) was difficult to refuse. He took the plunge, and since that time he has never quite held the same place in the public eye, although it is hardly likely that this situation will continue. It seems, however, that in the period of working himself into the job, Crosland lost some of Callaghan's esteem. Indeed, in areas not far from Downing Street he was described as 'a lazy bugger' – a description which might be calculated to infuriate a man who keeps such a busy routine. The phrase is misleading, but does reflect a certain feeling of disappointment. On the eve of the Blackpool conference, when Kissinger's Rhodesia offensive was in full swing, Callaghan was heard to remark tartly: 'And where is Tony Crosland? At his General Management Committee in Grimsby!'

The problem may amount to a simple matter of personality. In private conversation, Crosland displays a perfectly terrifying unwillingness to talk around a subject; he will not flannel, and if he feels ill-equipped to discuss a certain matter he will say so. It is said that in the early days at the Foreign Office he felt himself insufficiently briefed and was therefore reluctant at first to meet Kissinger, a man for whom he appears to hold the warmest admiration. In addition, to Callaghan's annoyance, there has been the refusal to wear white tie (this is bound up with something Crosland's admirers find very irritating, a kind of token populism, which comes oddly from a man who made his name in the attempt to destroy Labour's cloth-cap image). So what about the decision to send Ivor Richard to Geneva? Is this another example of the man shying away from the duties of the office? Crosland would say that, while the temptation to chair the conference had been great (considering the personal political capital that could be gained), it was necessary to avoid being manoeuvred by the black leaders into a position where he was too closely associated with Smith. He will go if it becomes necessary, but he would like to preserve the maximum freedom of action.

The accusations against Crosland may all be wide of the mark, but they reflect a quality in the man which amounts both to a strength and a weakness: he would rather be doing something than be seen to be doing something. One could not imagine a Prime Minister Crosland flying over the Torrey Canyon, or a Secretary of State Crosland shuttling round the world with a well-armed, bullet-proof retinue, or a Chairman Crosland haranguing acres of massed gymnasts. No, in the game of associations, the only ruler this man reminds you of is a Scandinavian constitutional monarch, King Crøsland, presiding benignly over an economy so rational it makes you scream. Rationality is the great Crosland word, to be used as a weapon against his adversaries. With the jawbone of rationality he would slay heaps upon heaps.

We gather that, now he has done his prep for the Foreign Office, he has been infected with an enthusiasm for the world, and that, were the much-canvassed transferal to the Treasury not to materialise, Crosland would not be too put out. Yet it is difficult to believe that ambition has been totally satisfied within that savage breast. Were the proverbial plane to go down bearing not the Croslands but the Callaghans, Crosland would be back again in the leadership fight, standing as . . . what? The candidate of the Right? You are wrong. The Crosland of today rejects the fundamentalism of the Right. He is the man of the Centre, the democratic socialist. He has already put the Right's nose out of joint over Europe, and this may account for some of the falling-off of his stock within the parliamentary party. The question is, just where would Crosland's support come from in the last battle? The parliamentary ground is not thick with rational men. It may well be that Crosland has chosen the wrong stigma to wear.

Jeremy Bentham

Official Secrets

Following last June's leakage of cabinet papers about the Government's decision to shelve child benefits, Mr Callaghan announced that he had become convinced of the need to reform the Official Secrets Acts to make them less restrictive but more effective. It has since been rumoured (presumably on the basis of a leak) that a cabinet committee is looking into the subject; we do not know for sure whether this so because, by one of the most ludicrous pieces of Whitehall dogma imaginable, the very existence of cabinet committees is itself supposed to be a state secret. In any event, there is unlikely to be any room for legislation on the subject next session.

In 1972 the Franks Committee on section 2 of the Official Secrets Act (1911) denounced the law in this area as 'a mess' which casts its net too widely and too vaguely to be of much practical use. The October 1974 Labour Party manifesto promised 'to replace the Official Secrets Act by a measure to put the burden on public authorities to justify withholding information.' As Home Secretary, Mr Roy Jenkins is known to have favoured reforms which went far beyond even the sensible but modest proposals of the Franks Committee; his enthusiasm was dampened only slightly by the unfavourable view he formed of the workings of the recently strengthened Freedom of Information Act in the United States. His successor has recently affirmed that he has a 'vested interest' in the Franks Committee, of which he was a member.

The unsatisfactory state of present practices in official concealment was highlighted by the Crossman *Diaries* episode and has been underlined by repeated and embarrassing Whitehall leaks. Commons Select Committees have complained about the reluctance of government departments to disclose information about policy planning. The British Government has been dismayed by the openness of some of our EEC partners in telling the public about the deliberations of the Council of Ministers. The Poulson case raises troubling questions about the extent to which formal and informal barriers to openness at all levels of government can inhibit the exposure of major public scandals.

Of course the Official Secrets Acts themselves are as much a symptom as a cause of obsessive reticence on the part of public officials. And there may be plausible, if not overwhelming, grounds for maintaining some curbs upon access to current or very recent cabinet and departmental information. But it is utterly wrong to start, as the law does at present, from the premise that openness, far from being a hallmark of honest and democratic government, is downright criminal unless proved otherwise. It is not even as if section 2 of the 1911 Act has been used to curb significant threats to national security.

It would be reassuring to think that Mr Callaghan's committee, if it really exists, is about to grasp the nettle. But even if it does so, those of liberal sentiment in this matter should not be too quick to rejoice. Paradoxically the one virtue of the present Official Secrets Acts is that many of their provisions are too absurdly vague to be enforceable. The clue to Mr Callaghan's intentions lies in his phrase '. . . but more effective'. The Prime Minister is not one of those who supported the Jenkins line on reform; Mr Jenkins himself is no longer in the cabinet. The only purpose of strengthening the law would be to enable it to be used to secure convictions. We are still a very long way from (as the October Labour manifesto promised) 'putting the burden on public authorities to justify withholding information'.

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Gerda Cohen

A Wholesome Scottish Life

A beautiful girl leaned over our table to ask in a tone of profound solicitude, 'would you care for some seaweed roll?' She wore a hand-crocheted blouse undulating with bosom. Several guests replied yes, they would have seaweed roll. It turned out to be imported Japanese stuff full of black chewy threads – not the Scottish weed plopping out there in the Moray Firth. A shade disappointing, thought an ecologist who'd come all the way from Luton and was looking grim. 'You've hit on a point,' the beautiful girl leaned our way again, 'self-sufficiency is a theme to explore; meantime, we buy supplies from a wholefood importer in Inverness'. Wholefood, she emphasised, *not* health food. 'I think health food sounds cranky, don't you?' Everyone nodded, even the ecologist chewing his seaweed roll with a baffled expression.

No other experiment in alternative living has attracted quite so much publicity as Findhorn: 'The amazing Scottish community where vegetable and flower gardens are animated by angelic forms; a power point anchoring the energies of a new age . . .' Souvenir Press published *The Magic of Findhorn* in 1975, but articles about it had been appearing long before. *Harper's* carried a serious report by Peter Tompkins describing a group isolated on a wind-blown peninsula, who were growing one of the world's most fantastic gardens with no resources beyond sand and contact with nature spirits. When *The Magic of Findhorn* came out, both BBC Scotland and ITV made programmes about the group. Sir George Trevelyan of the Soil Association wrote a preface to *Findhorn Garden*, a sumptuous photographic album which sold well. This prompted Book Club Associates to publish another edition of *The Magic of Findhorn* in 1976. Now Collins have issued it in their paperback imprint. Sales are gratifyingly high.

But what, exactly, is going on at Findhorn? 'Well,' said a public relations man at Collins, rather cautiously, 'well, it's difficult to talk about the place. Put into words it might sound a bit potty. I think you ought to go up there.' A phone call to Souvenir Press encountered much the same. 'Of course I've been there,' said a brisk publicity person, 'but I can't really describe it. You should go there yourself.'

Accordingly, we did. On the bookstall at Euston, *The Magic of Findhorn* stood out, its cover an occult greenish-yellow. 'Findhorn, where 40-lb cabbages grow . . .' one was depicted, lit by a strange lunar glow and the caption read: 'This may be a manifestation of power which could transform our planet within a lifetime.' It certainly needed transforming. Euston had never looked nastier, lurching with beer cans and ripped toilet paper. On the sleeper to Inverness, unable to sleep, we read Collins's paperback edition: how a middle-aged couple with no knowledge of horticulture had turned a barren waste into an Eden; how they were guided by messages from the Devic world: the Pea Deva, Marrow Deva, and Landscape Angel.

Outside, the granite dawn slid by, pimply with drizzle. A sad old steward apologised for the lack of breakfast. 'Och aye, they did run a buffet car, years ago . . . ' The train drew in an hour late. Drizzle swept up the firth, wrapping sodden litter round our ankles. But the community member who'd come to fetch us was chuckling away. 'You realise about this rain,' he grinned, an honest square-cut grin, 'the whole point is, we *manifested* the rain.' Mr Barton explained that all 200 members had stood in a circle for 'attunement': an hour later, the drought broke. As to the meteorology behind this: 'You can't fool me,' said Mr Barton, 'I used to be an air-force pilot before I joined the community. We've got quite a few ex-service people – chaps with their feet on the ground.'

He drove about 20 miles east along the Moray Firth, past farmland whose obvious fertility contradicted what the books had implied. 'Just wait,' he said. A side road led to the Findhorn Bay Caravan Park. Over the wire perimeter stretched a bleak airfield. Rows of trailers were parked on the tarmac of a disused runway. Mr Barton drove right in. 'Home,' he grinned again, indicating a leafy enclave in one corner. It was like some Garden Centre strayed from Surrey, stuffed with over-fed shrubs and ranch-type bungalows. Geraniums and lobelia burst with health, grown in what appeared to be solid beds of horse-manure.

Why, we inquired, had the community chosen this unusual location? 'It's a cosmic power point. You've heard of ley-lines? They focus right here.' Regretting he couldn't spare more time, Mr Barton went off to help a photographer from *Vogue*. 'Journalists arrive two a week on average; they're drawn here irresistibly.' A discreet phone-call to the Moray Nurserymen, a nearby firm, revealed that the area was not only fertile but renowned for rose-growing. Could Findhorn be a case of mass hypnotism?

As the rain cleared, caravan doors opened and people began bustling about; young in the main, and remarkably good-looking. An American with swooning green eyes whispered to his companion, 'time for planetary service'. They disappeared through a door marked 'Out-Reach'. 'Oh, that's just our publications department,' said a community member, snorting with laughter, 'the Americans love jargon – I'm very British.' He introduced himself as Tom Welch, former combat officer in a famous British regiment. Extremely tall, handsome and sunburnt, Tom Welch had a disturbing quality hard to pin down. 'You might think my officer career wasted here; in fact it's just the opposite – part of a divine plan. Our annual turnover exceeds £250,000 and that takes some organising.' Tom explained that over half their income derived from donations. Guests paid about £60 a week for a course entitled 'Experiencing Findhorn'; this included tuition in spiritual wholeness and a considerable amount of domestic work. Unfortunately, the work involved in catering for so many people meant that only a few could engage in gardening. 'Some token vegetables are grown; the rest come from Moray nurserymen.' Due to lack of room, the community now limited members to 200. Financially, Findhorn is a huge success.

'But that's on a crude material level,' Tom flashed his teeth. 'Actually it's run according to the Law of Manifestation. We focus cosmic energy. If I can feel this cosmic energy and you don't – too bad!' He exploded with laughter. 'Look, we had so many guests, we had to *manifest* more room. The Law of Manifestation produced a three-star hotel near here, and the Bank of Scotland gave a loan of £60,000 to buy it.'

Tom arranged accommodation at the hotel for us, and an exceptionally beautiful girl offered a lift. We got into her car, faint with hunger. She swivelled round in the driver's seat, baring another smile of hypnotic intensity. 'Let's have attunement first . . . ' We clasp hands and sit in the car, eyes shut, for what seems an age. Stomachs rumble uncontrollably.

At least 50 guests are Experiencing Findhorn at the hotel. For dinner there is prune crumble followed by meditation. Another long, hand-held silence, broken by a Devic message of awesome banality. 'Water the beans.' It might not have been a Devic message, but the silver-coiffed lady from Bournemouth said it was.

Roger Woddis

Scroungers

'They are a something-for-nothing brigade advising people how to milk money out of the public.' – Nicholas Fairbairn, QC, Conservative MP, on the Child Poverty Action Group.

I could have sworn it was 1976.
You can't trust calendars, not even Nick's.
This is a Dark Age: gentlemen wear swords.
Nothing has changed, we still have
feudal lords
Who think the poor, on benefit or not,
Should be contented with their little lot
And not go spongeing on the Welfare State.
The swine need topping. Bring back
Traitors' Gate!
Are we undone? Is Britain in a hole?
The answer's simple: let them tax the dole.

We are enlightened now, or so they say:
The backwoodsmen of yore have had
their day.
This tiny isle of tin baths and Debrett
Is braced to catch the needy in her net,
Like starving peers and down-at-heel QCs,
Who have to manage somehow on their fees.
The rich are always with us, mouths agape
For any morsel from our bread and scrape.
And here's a sermon from our working Duke.
Listen and learn – and careful where
you puke.

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London Diary

☐ 'When I left the office last Saturday I felt we were all just like the defeated French in Paris waiting for the Germans to march in.' Thus one *Observer* journalist earlier this week – and it still seems to me the most eloquent comment on the kind of public barter of a proud national newspaper we've been watching over the past month. Since at least two press magnates clearly felt that the *Observer* all along has been a much more viable property than most people have assumed, that merely confirms my hunch that when newspapers get into trouble it's primarily because their proprietors and managers lose their nerve. That's certainly what happened with the Hever Astors and *The Times*, before the Thomson takeover in 1966; and it now looks uncannily like the case with the Cliveden Astors' *Observer* in 1976. The result? A further accretion of strength for the Right. If Labour politicians meant half the things they proclaim about the importance of balance and variety in the press they would surely have acted a little more vigorously on this occasion. Last week's 'meeting of ministers' on the *Observer*, chaired by the Prime Minister himself, was a sadly tame affair. Market forces, it was resolved, would have to have their way. So the *Observer* joins the *Sun* as another Tory captive.

☐ Has some sort of trial of strength been going on between Mrs Thatcher and the Prime Minister over who should be the second British Commissioner in Brussels from next January? There's some reason to believe it must have done, if only because Roy Jenkins's original target date for announcing the composition of the entire new Commission has already passed. So far as I can unravel the history, the first tentative proposal made to Mrs Thatcher was that she might allow George Thomson to remain at his present post at least for part of the coming term: to that Mrs Thatcher gave a firm no, and the Prime Minister accepted it. Then Sir Peter Kirk was brought into play – but he, it emerged, was not all that well and therefore unwilling. Whether John Davies has been Mrs Thatcher's candidate all along I do not know; but he plainly felt he had some reason to hope for the appointment, since he announced his withdrawal from his constituency at Knutsford a full six months ago. Roy Jenkins's none-too-tactfully intimated preference for his own parliamentary 'pair', Ian Gilmour, appears to have come as something of a late throw – and one that has knocked Mrs Thatcher badly off balance. The public vision at the moment of 'deserters' falling out of *her* column is not one that she finds either appealing or appropriate.

☐ In gloomy times, of course, that is something that political parties grow to fear – hence the hidden threat to the morale of the Labour Party in David Marquand's renunciation of Westminster for Brussels. Curiously, David's father, Hilary Marquand, did much the same thing in 1961. But he, at least, was already nearly 60 while David is only 41; yet it's no sudden decision since last year he showed an interest in a history fellowship at Magdalen and earlier this year was reported to be dallying with a chair at the LSE. Just before Jim Callaghan formed his government last April I remember writing on this page that Marquand's was 'the most disregarded talent now languishing on Labour's backbenches' – but the Prime Minister did not take the hint and Marquand has, now, sadly taken his leave. Still, he contrived, I thought, to sound both good-humoured and unembittered on the radio on Tuesday morning, even if I did get the distinct impression that among the things that did not 'thrill' him about the Labour Party was Mr Callaghan's government.

☐ It's probably rash to say so, but at least Marquand's constituency of Ashfield (maj: 22,915) should not cause the Government any problems even at a by-election. Not that it's the only 'plum' seat going at the moment. A lot of busy Labour bees are already buzzing round Huddersfield – where 'Curly' Mallalieu is due to vacate at the next election the East division which he has held since 1950. It offers a more precarious majority of 8,414 – but still one which people like Stuart Holland and even the Prime Minister's own Man Friday, Tom McNally, regard as offering a sporting chance if only at a general election. For Mallalieu's barrister daughter, Ann, it must seem to offer not just a 'sporting chance' but 'the inside track' as well; for after some hesitation she has apparently allowed her own name to go forward. That is surely a mistake. How can the Labour Party hope to convince the public of the inherent absurdity of the House of Lords if it follows the same hereditary principle with its own parliamentary seats? All right, I know that Greville Janner nimbly succeeded his father, Barnett Janner, at Leicester West in 1970: but is that really a reason for a daughter stepping smartly into her dad's shoes at Huddersfield East?

☐ It's bad luck on *Crockford*'s that in the public mind it should have come to mean simply a gambling club. For it's also the name of the C of E's clerical directory, which comes out now every two years but has been going almost as long as *Who's Who* (1858 compared with 1848). The main interest in each edition, at least for journalists, lies in its preface – a kind of glorified college newsletter on the doings of the C of E and its members. Indeed, since the death some years ago of R. H. Dundas of Christ Church (who wrote his college newsletter for more than three decades), it's probably the best surviving example of a particular, and surprisingly mordant, style of writing. The trick seems to rest in reserving the sting for the tail. Thus

> Very little of the opposition to the ordination of women was of the quality of the Bishop of Peterborough's *sour little contribution.*

Or on the same subject, clearly close to the preface writer's heart

> It was impossible not to be moved by the Bishop of Norwich's confession of confusion although we believe it would have been more dignified for him to have *abstained from speaking as well as from voting.*

I cannot tell you the name of the author of these sharp-clawed remarks as his identity is a closely guarded secret – known, presumably, only to his publisher and his God. Since he is described as 'a person of distinction in the Church of England', I'd have said that was just as well.

☐ It was excellent to see the eighteenth W. H. Smith £1,000 award going to the Irish poet Seamus Heaney this week, for his fourth book, *North*, published by Faber last year. Receiving his prize from Lord Goodman – who'd risen enthusiastically from a sick-bed to present it – Mr Heaney spoke of poets not changing events but perhaps putting a shape upon them: a typically modest view of his art from an Ulster-born poet. It's pleasant to recall that the NS printed Mr Heaney's work as far back as 1964, when Karl Miller was literary editor. Tuesday's luncheon turned into a double celebration through the announcement of Dick Troughton's new appointment as chairman of the British Council. Mr Troughton has always been the guiding spirit behind the award, and he insisted that this year's lunch should be a convivial rather than a nostalgic occasion. He explained that he took his advice from Lord Slim, who said 'When you clear out, clear out – don't hang about.'

☐ So we are, after all, to get our Sunday post back – though apparently with a morning (rather than an afternoon) collection. And that probably only at central points, like post offices. Next time some public body announces it is starting something as an 'experiment' we shall be wise to be wary: even when the 'experiment' has demonstrably failed (as everyone agrees this one has) we clearly cannot hope to get back at the end of the day the same service we had before. And what did I see Sir William Ryland boasting about the other day? A £300m. profit! Roll on the Post Office's worker-directors. At least people like Tom Jackson should be able to teach him something about public relations.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Alan Law, the Transport Workers' Midlands trade group secretary, said last week: 'The tachograph was first introduced by Hitler for the German army. Employees should be glad to see them go. There's no evidence that they improve the safety aspect. What the Germans say about them is of no interest to us. They lost two world wars.' – *Sunday Times* (Mrs R. Metcalf)

☐ For admission to Ruskin students must be able to show evidence of a deprived working class background – no A-levels for example. – *Times Educational Supplement* (Bert Lodge)

☐ 'It doesn't worry me that Christ is pilloried or his religion is brought into disrepute, but that it is the human relationship of society that is at threat.' – Bishop of Winchester in the *Daily Express* (Rachel Watkins)

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University Forum

Alan Curtis*

It's Not Only Rock 'n' Roll . . .

> I want a journalism which tells me what the rock business reinforces and what it downgrades in music. If records are constrained by the fact that they are 20 minutes a side, what does that do to the music? If radio stations are constrained to play four-minute numbers at the most, what does that do to the music? There are so many levels of interesting interference which nobody focuses on as major compositional constraints.

This (stated by the musician Brian Eno) is not how the music press functions. It fails to recognise the important effect of the context in which a record is made and played. We lack an approach to music which has the critical tools to understand that the way a record is heard and valued by the consumer is affected just as much by the long process of production, studio technology, A & R men, design and promotion, as by the 'artist'. For rock music is an industry, providing a very definite economic and technological context for music making. It is not some bastion of purity under a constant threat of attack from worldly corruption. Rather it operates from the heart of the beast, a sizeable part of whose bodily welfare depends on the flow of profits from the record and tape industry. By 1973 these had supplanted film as the single largest unit of profit in the world of entertainment, some £70m. being spent annually in Britain alone. Recorded music is also a special commodity, one that depends for the most part on the consumer being familiar with the product. This is the real role of the music press. Its weekly interviews and reviews are a commercial device to keep the names in the public eye. All interviews, trips and records are free and paid for by the company, leaving the music press firmly entrenched as just another part of the industry, and the critic unable to perform the task demanded of the quotation with which we began.

Many music journalists would, however, not see this as their role. Witness a reply to Andrew Weiner's piece on rock and politics in *New Society* a few years back. Very much a piece of its times, it was concerned to trace the general movement of the idealists of the late Sixties into the system and specifically the record industry. The attack hit home and the next issue carried a reply from one of its victims. Mick Farren, with impeccable credentials as ex-leader of the anarchic group *The Deviants* and as a contributor to *OZ* and *IT*, argued that it was irrelevant how musicians lived. His point was that rock music was a *form* of subversive activity, that it was irrelevant that records were cultural products of capitalism, and what mattered was the message they carried.

The problem with both arguments is that neither get closer to dealing critically with the music itself. On the one hand it is simplistic, as Farren points out, to assume that just because rock records are products of a particular economic system, then they automatically convey its message. On the other, Farren, with his vision of the integrity of self-expression, fails to explain how a rock musician with revolutionary ideas manages to recognise and use the pressure of the rock industry to his advantage.

Five years on, to dwell on such a discussion might seem *passé*. The revolutionary potential rock music was once supposed to have is generally agreed to have gone. Too many years of stylish parody and the selling of mystique have cut us off from the days of the *Street-Fighting Man*. And nowadays it is not only Roxy Music, 10cc and Queen who are sincerely insincere; even the Stones whisper *'It's only rock 'n' roll'*. But not so. The romantic revolt has reappeared in music in the form of 'punk rock' and Mick Farren's argument is still very much with us. It is draped now around the figure of the kid on the street exploding with a musical vengeance in the face of a depressed Britain.

The misconceptions in the argument are still there too in the notion that runs through the weekly music papers and more serious studies, that what is interesting about all art forms is the way in which the artist expresses himself within it. The Beatles then assume gigantic proportions because they showed that rock music did have the possibilities of genuine self-expression. But although they often lead to excellent literary interpretive criticism, such high cultural notions graft generally very uneasily onto the rock music phenomenon. They lead in fact to a serious contradiction. Deep within many critics is a vision of self-expression struggling to escape. So a critic in judging a record 'good', tends to see the real achievement in terms of a battle won by the musician against the business. He neglects the importance of the collaboration of producer and promotion man, in the technology of Roxy Music and in the press itself, e.g. over Bruce Springsteen. All these participate in the achievement, often more so than the artist.

So what is the alternative? What sort of criticism can discuss the 'achievement' of a piece of rock music realistically by taking into account the context in which it has been made? The traditional answer is a sociology of Rock. But the questions that raises tend to isolate the notion of value in music just as much as the high cultural concern with the purity of self-expression. A good record becomes simply the most popular. When the sociology of rock school question why it is popular they fail to take account of how the varying degrees of control and marketing of the record affect the actual quality of the music produced, not just how it sells. The answer would seem to lie within rock music itself, in a 'musical journalism', at attempting to use the influences of the business to the full and to celebrate them in the music. Genuine art as opposed to folk art has been distinguished by its reference to a tradition, by its self-consciousness. Thus the Beatles were important because they were constantly referred back to the history of rock. David Bowie on 'Ziggy Stardust' mutated this self-consciousness into a very deliberate and obvious play that he's a rock star. Thus all the economic and sociological processes involved in assuming that role are actually involved in his music. He himself is performing the critical synthesis, being self-conscious in an artistic sense about the business, in the same way the Beatles were self-conscious about rock music.

The traditional notion of excitement in rock music, which Ziggy Stardust challenged, is seen as being generated by the tension between individual inspiration and the limitations of the rock form. The musical forms are still important, but Bowie offers us glimpses of how they themselves are formed through commercial demands. A classic case is the rapid change in the structure of soul music as the nature of the audience changed during the last five years. On his latest record, *Station to Station*, Bowie uses this tension explicitly. He has taken a classic, commercially-dictated soul form, disco-funk, but has then exercised a personal artistic control over that form, one that normally, by its very nature, has no stars. He has integrated experiment with the demands of the entertainment business, assuring himself of massive sales, but also managing to point to the ambivalent role of the rock star, a subject that has always fascinated him.

Failure such as Dr Feelgood's is also interesting. The way their archaeological brand of crisp R & B has reacted to their absorption into the recording industry has meant that since they drew their inspiration very much from small live performances, because of the pressures of product and of fame they cannot repeat this indefinitely. Their performances can no longer generate the same sort of ideas. The more sophisticated they become in the future, the more they come to understand the business, not only will their source of inspiration dwindle, but so too will the selling point.

In England there is no radical cultural journalism that is not bound to the rock process; a journalism that can always seek a different explanation when the phrase 'self-expression' is used in rock. We could ask, for instance, whether the poor sales of *Black and Blue* were due more to the method of ticket distribution for the Stones concerts this year than to any failure of creativity. As originally planned, the tickets were on a 'first-come, first-serve' basis. This would have allowed Stones fans dithering over whether to buy the album to get tickets and probably buy afterward. As it was, the distribution was at random. It made for a wonderfully mixed audience. But it may have lost the Stones both a lot of money and a Number One album.

Alan Curtis is a contributing Editor to Punk *and has written for* Streetlife. *He is also studying at Nuffield College, Oxford.*

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Happy Days

Maurice Bowra was a great collector and hoarder of any information, however tenuous, concerning scholastic matters and if, in my wanderings by car to and fro across the country, I found myself near a public school, he liked me to send him a short report on the current 'tone' of the place. The way to discover what the 'tone' is like is to linger, as though absorbed in the beauty of the ancient buildings (and here quite a feat of mime is sometimes required), near a knot of chattering schoolboys, keep your ears open, and test for 'tone'. In this way, I was able to supply him with up-to-the-minute news on Shrewsbury (excellent), Sherborne (saintly), Uppingham (a tendency to harp on cricket but otherwise admirable), Harrow (faultless), his old school, Cheltenham (all that one could wish) and a few others where, alas, the 'tone' seemed to have slipped a bit. All my bulletins were, of course, acknowledged in a characteristic manner ('Just as I thought! Poor old Cloggers has let the place go to pot. I shall advise *everybody* to give it a miss.'), and now that he has gone, there is no central point where I can send any further information that may come my way.

Something tells me that in years to come we're going to be a bit short on public school facts of the more interesting and personal, human kind. Past autobiographers, smarting from remembered grudges and the rigours of the tough life, used to pour out their anguished souls to us in volume after volume. But in the last 20 years or so, life in such schools has radically changed for the better and there is now little in the way of grudges or unhappinesses to force out the tortured words. By and large, bullying and beating are out, and fagging on the way so. Boys in their last year are treated more as undergraduates. It is possible to question, politely, the decisions of authority. Co-education helps with some of the tricky amatory problems. Freedom (beer evenings: dances) is in the air. There is much less compulsory religion and team-games are no longer all-important. In some establishments, there is even Sunday breakfast in bed (oh yes, though they have to fetch it themselves). Nothing really, as you see, to moan and groan about.

Past moaners and groaners have included many distinguished literary figures, and though all complain, the higher they subsequently got up achievement's ladder, the more they were inclined to treat the whole bizarre public school life not in just a sour, disgruntled manner but as a splendid joke. Siegfried Sassoon, known at Marlborough as either 'Stinkweed Bassoon' or 'Seaweed Baboon', take your pick, was called 'The Onion' at his prep school, the name subtly implying that he was off his onion. At the memorial services for Queen Victoria, an assistant master cheered up the solemn, lachrymose occasion by sitting down on his bowler hat and squashing it flat. Superannuated at the age of 17, Sassoon had the distinction of being prayed for in Chapel (double pneumonia) and winning a half-crown prize for some *vers d'occasion:*

> But extra lessons cannot kill,
> And blows are not so hard
> That they will end the life of this
> Ambitious little bard.

In all, it had been 'an educational experience that I found moderately pleasant but mentally unprofitable'.

Graham Robertson, coming from an austere prep school where every waking thought revolved round Thursdays (sausage morning), found at Eton much that was entertaining, in particular the card announcing the anthems for the day together with the names of the composers and which, containing no punctuation, read strangely: 'Sing unto the Lord a new Song George Macfarren' and 'Wash me thoroughly Joseph Barnby'. And he was lucky enough to coincide with a craze for aviation by mice in parachutes which, one summer term, was all the rage. The boys, loath to kill the little creatures that swarmed in their rooms, fashioned aerial contraptions, complete with seating accommodation, and floated the mice down from upper windows and into neighbouring gardens, where the passengers were able to alight and make off. Once, on a day of boisterous wind, an aeronaut came sailing through an open window and into a master's tea-party, where the appearance of a mouse comfortably seated in a parachute was taken as a deliberate insult.

Headmasters, then often autocratic dictators beyond the reach of both humanity and the law, frequently spread terror. Robertson Scott's grammar-school Head had a habit, riveting for children, of thrusting his beard into his mouth, mumbling it for a moment or two, and then ferociously blowing it out again with a loud 'pop'. When mounting furies became too much for him, he would rush to his wife who, with a bucket of cold water ever at the ready, would damp him down by pouring it over his head (it is no surprise to learn that his life went somehow a-gley and he wound up, perfectly contentedly, as a clerk in a laundry). At Lord Berners's prep school, where the days passed by against a permanent background of muffled sobbing, there was the terrifyingly sadistic Mr Gambril who lifted boys into the air by their hair and nearly had apoplexy when he discovered that the school's keen biologists, who collected beetles, caterpillars and insects and were known as 'bug-hunters', had conveniently and innocently contracted their name and called themselves 'buggers'. When Lord Berners, many years later, returned to visit the school he was astonished to observe nothing but smiling faces and peaceful happiness everywhere, only to find that it was a school no more and that the buildings were now a lunatic asylum. At G. G. Coulton's school, Felsted, the alarming but conscientious headmaster, dutifully attending an OTC field-day, had his tall silk hat blown off into a hedge by prematurely exploding blanks, in the same week as the arrival of a new French master who, reporting for duty on a Saturday night, was found on Sunday morning dead drunk in a pigsty behind the chapel.

Edward Marsh, bright as a button, mastered at his London day-school the Ten Commandments and, somewhat baffled by the seventh (if you're rusty, adultery) and anxious to discover its meaning, put a question to the headmistress, Miss Scripps, who replied briskly that it meant that we must none of us over-eat ourselves. Passing on to Westminster, he was mysteriously and unjustly given an impot for laughing in class at a passage from Molière, and joined in the typical schoolboy giggles when the headmaster, discussing Alison's *History of Europe*, loudly intoned a sentence which went 'The Austrians held the Po, while the Italians slowly evacuated.' Least of all would one have wished to be at Richard Church's Battersea school where the headmaster, a pince-nezed ungenial giant who wore spats all the year round, sat enthroned before an open chest containing a sort of golf-bag assortment of what advertisements for school equipment used to call 'young gentlemen's correction switches' – some thin, some thick, some light in colour and some unaccountably dark, as though impregnated with blood. Boys summoned waited, trembling, for minutes on end. How very cheering to learn that one spirited boy revolted and, with an hysterical cry, flung an ink-pot at the tyrant, scoring a splendid bull's-eye.

When my uncle Oswald was going in 1908 as a scholar (the only brains of the family, as is clear) to Rugby, my grandfather, agitated about his well-being, wisely purchased *Health At School*, a thoughtful work by the school doctor, Clement Dukes, and dedicated to Arnold. Helpful illustrations and charts abound – 'Archer's Watertight Sewer Pipe', 'How to Sit at the Pianoforte', 'A School Grease-trap in Operation', 'Average Heights and Weights of the Most Favoured Classes' (a comparison with the 'Artisan' class shows the latter to be somewhat shorter and lighter. Odd). Information on how at Rugby they resuscitated the drowning, and on the mortality rate from measles can hardly have spread confidence, and when deciding which comprehensive to choose for Jason and Melissa, follow Dr Dukes and do keep right on your toes. A child with gouty parents should have a hilltop school facing south and planted firmly on gravel. Rheumaticky subjects should beware of clay. Where there is insanity in the family, avoid all cramming for exams. Demand from the headmaster full details of his subsoil drainage, his water levels, his proximity to an alluvial plain (*not* recommended), and the proportion of clerical to lay masters (1 to 6 is just about right). Is the matron suitably elderly? Is it realised what hot baths *at night* may lead to? And on no account be put off by evasive answers.

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Letters to the Editor

Mrs Gandhi's Prisoners

Sir, Crucifer is obviously not in the habit of checking his facts. Having blundered about Mr Michael Foot, he then utters a lie in reply to Mr Foot in as much as he says that there are 100,000 political prisoners in India. I wonder where or from whom he got his imaginary figure!

The factual position was stated in the Indian Parliament by the Minister of Home Affairs on 16 August. He said:

(1) The total number of emergency detainees was about two per 100,000 of population.
(2) Nearly 30 per cent of the total number of persons detained since the proclamation of emergency have been released.
(3) About 10 per cent of the total number of persons detained had been released on parole.
(4) About a third of the total number ot detainees belong to the banned organisations and another third to economic offenders and anti-social elements.

Thus the total number of detainees (political, economic offenders and those belonging to banned communal and extremist organisations) on the basis of the national population, 600 million, was approximately 12,000.

G. V. SHUKLA
Counsellor (Press)
The High Commission of India
India House
London WC2

Sir, It is just not true that a large number of political prisoners have been released by the Indian Government in recent weeks. Only a dozen of them have so far qualified for mercy. On the contrary, there has been a wave of fresh arrests. The most recent victims include Miss Durga Bhakwat, prize-winning writer and president of the Maharashtra State Library League, Mr K. R. Sundar Rajan, vice-chairman of the Bombay Union of Journalists and assistant editor of *Times of India,* and Dr Shanti Patel, a former mayor of Bombay and a front-rank leader of dock workers. Simultaneously, a large number of trade union workers has been locked up.

Reports from all over India speak of more jailings under the dreaded Internal Security Act and few releases. Many prisons in Maharashtra, West Bengal, Kerala, Madhya Pradesh and Bihar are overflowing, with conditions getting more and more abominable. With elections put off by at least another year and with hawks like Sanjay Gandhi, the Prime Minister's son, and the Law Minister, Gokhale, having the major say in policy, we see little hope for ourselves. The future is particularly dark for rank-and-file opposition workers who form the overwhelming majority of the detainees. In the circumstances, lovers of democracy all over the world must mount a vigorous propaganda campaign on behalf of the hapless captives in India's prisons. We do not know whether Western democracies should stop or reduce aid to the Indian Government. But they should ponder whether their studied silence on the subject of political prisoners in India does not amount to a virtual support of a system of tyranny which is all the more obnoxious because its practitioners mouth the platitudes of constitutional democracy.

A GROUP OF DETAINEES
Nasik Jail
Nasik, India

Sir, I have never read your magazine – I have heard about it. Recently our nationalised (though our Government refuses to accept it) news service Samachar has given us some news about Mr Michael Foot, Leader of the House of Commons, accusing you of writing 'lies' about his comments on India. I do not know what Mr Foot thinks of as 'lies', but what I do know is that the voice of the international press, along with the voices of organisations like Socialist International and Amnesty International, though they don't reach us fully because of the severe press censorship, give freedom-loving Indians great hope that the international community is with us in our moment of distress.

I am writing this letter without my name or address – for I know what is in store for me, if knowledge of this letter reaches our Government through censorship of the mail. Some months back our Supreme Court decreed that during the Emergency, even if a person is killed by the police 'in the interest of the state' the kith and kin of the dead cannot go to a court for justice, as the President of India has suspended all the fundamental rights, including the right to live, during the Emergency.

I am not denying that the Emergency has given us a few gains. A general sense of discipline has percolated down. But at what cost? Virtually one-party rule has been foisted on us. Even the leadership of the Party has been converted to a family property. The press has been severly maimed. I wonder how Mr Foot, who concedes that socialism and civil liberties are interlocking causes, can support this atrocity. Thousands of opposition leaders and workers are being tortured in jails – there is no trial for them in the courts. Two opposition-ruled state governments were toppled. A Parliament that has outlived its life has made drastic constitutional amendments. We have no quarrel if the right to own property, which stands in the way of economic reform, is curtailed; but instead the noble rights given to us by Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi in our constitution, the rights to speak, write, organise and assemble peacefully – all have been virtually taken away. What connection these acts have with 'socialist planning', as Mr Foot fondly calls it, I wonder. Mr Foot further says Indian socialists of long standing are resentful of Western propaganda. Whom does he mean? Only the Congress politicians † or is it Asok Metha, H. V. Kamalh, S. M. Joshi etc. who virtually started the Congress Socialist Party, even during our freedom struggle? We read that Mr Krishna Menon's walking stick was presented to Mr Foot when he was here. We humbly appeal to Mr Foot not to use that stick for hitting our basic human rights and independence. After all, we got them after fighting with you only 30 years ago.

INDIAN CITIZEN
New Delhi

The Tools for the Job

Sir, May the Lord preserve us from our friends! Since I wrote 'Carter, Callaghan and the Pound' (NS 29 October), Jimmy Carter has been elected President of the United States, and his attitude towards the pound has become the most crucial single issue for the British economy. I would repeat my plea to Jim Callaghan and Denis Healey to have the Treasury cast their representations to Jimmy Carter and his advisers in the form in which they are used to analysing policy themselves, by the properly disciplined use of models.

Faced with this urgent problem of public policy, John Naughton (NS 12 November) sloshes round in the most unprincipled way. Having said it would be unfair to tar me, he wheels out the Technocrats, but fails to mention I am in the Mother of Parliaments, the cradle of democracy, and no cynic about it either. He brandishes the Club of Rome's *Limits to Growth* but fails to mention that I published the first refutation (*The Politics of the Environment,* Fabian Society), before Beckerman and Freeman started to go on about it so.

He asks rhetorically whether a government with a policy optimisation and not merely a forecasting facility with its economic models is more amenable to democratic supervision, but does not report the reasons I have given why it should be. I have stressed the importance of testing models on data not used in their derivation, but he omits all mention of this.

Meanwhile Rome is burning. John Naughton can continue to worry about methodology: I hope he will, and will be more objective about it, because it is an important matter. But I hope too he will forgive the rest of us if we try actually to fight the fire with the best tools we can find.

JEREMY BRAY
House of Commons

Sir, It would be a pity if John Naughton's letter were to be the only comment on Jeremy Bray's excellent article on the use of models in economic policy-making. In raising the spectre of Technocracy Mr Naughton discredits himself, not Dr Bray, and betrays a misunderstanding of how models are actually used in industry and government.

Models are a means of persuasion and communication; indeed, they virtually amount to a new form of language, combining the directness of words with the breadth and authority of mathematical concepts. But in no sense do models impose control over unwilling users. They are best used as maps, charting areas which are worth aiming for and warning of directions which are less advantageous.

Technologists today use models to answer a wide range of questions, but the policy-making remains firmly in human hands. Models are on tap, not on top. Far from riding roughshod over social needs, properly constructed models offer the best means of combining purely technical or financial objectives with more personal and democratic requirements. Technologists and economists may be slow to hear this message, but hear it they must. Mr Naughton does not help.

TOM BANFIELD
6 Riversdene
Stokesley
Middlesbrough

Whose National Theatre?

Sir, Peter Hall's assertion (quoted in Mervyn Jones's article on the National Theatre last week) that Michael Blakemore wrote one chapter of the NT's history and Jonathan Miller another is, of course, wildly untrue. Nor have Blakemore and Miller been in a position to hawk around copies, as Hall alleged. Really the only people who could have shown typescripts around, would be the NT Board, although I am not suggesting that they have done so. The NT Board have had copies for the past ten weeks, because I wanted to ensure that they had every opportunity to answer the criticisms contained in the draft, begun by Nicholas Tomalin and completed by me. The Board has so far declined to comment on the grounds that the material in it is so erroneous that they cannot begin to tell me what the errors are.

Jones's admirable article, however, clearly reveals what researchers into the NT's affairs have to face. On one level, there is secrecy

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over comparatively unimportant matters, such as Hall's salary. Whoever is responsible for this coyness must be blamed for encouraging the speculation that Hall is making a fortune at the taxpayers' expense. On another level, there is apparent frankness over large, well-rounded sums of money (such as the 'unforeseen expenditure on manual scene-shifting of £250,000' caused by the failure of electronic machinery). The catch here is that such amounts cannot be verified unless the details are also known. How much, for example, might have been saved if the National Theatre had modified its complicated repertory programme?

The Arts Council's confidential report complained about such 'guesstimates', according to the *Evening Standard*, 5 October. Hall has argued that his demands on behalf of the NT have not taken extra slices from the Arts Council's cake, but have caused the cake to be enlarged. This may be so, but the implications are disturbing. If Hall means that the Government has given extra money to the Arts Council specifically for the NT, as according to the Council's report it has, then this is a clear breach of the 'arm's length' principle whereby governments do not tell the Arts Council how its money should be spent. If Hall means more than this, that his demands have caused more money to be given to the theatre as a whole, then he is suggesting that his voice is more politically influential than the Arts Council and the rest of the theatre put together. Either way, I find such remarks as worrying as anything which Miller or Blakemore have ever told me.

JOHN ELSOM

39 Elsham Road
London W14

Sir, I do not want to join in any public argument about the National Theatre, of whose Board I am a member; but although my admiration for Mervyn Jones is of a high order, I feel I ought to put the record straight about the National Theatre being ordained and financed for the benefit of the London intelligentsia.

In fact, the people of London – through the GLC – contributed £6.7m. (that is by way of cash and a site) and up to date a further £1.9m. in revenue; i.e. £8.6m. altogether. I suppose in the devolutionary mania which has seized Britain a simple fact like this will get lost and I therefore feel I must point out to Mr Jones when he says 'Whose National Theatre – London's or Britain's? that London has paid more than the lion's share. Mr Jones, as many other polemicists on the National Theatre, constantly refers to the Arts Council and the Government's contributions, but the long-suffering London ratepayer might, with some justification, look at the South Bank and say: 'My money but whose culture?'

ILLTYD HARRINGTON

County Hall
London SE1

Marriage and Means

Sir, Under the above heading in your issue of 12 November, your contributor Jeremy Bentham indulges in cheap abuse of the magistrates of this Division which is totally unworthy of your columns. Out of perhaps a thousand cases of domestic proceedings dealt with during the past 12 months at the Tottenham Court, where the annual cash collections on behalf of separated wives exceed £300,000, Mr Bentham cites two which are unidentifiable for lack of Christian names and dates. He does not indicate whether he was present when these cases were heard or has taken any steps to check on the full facts or whether, as seems more probable, he is content to base his diatribe only on information supplied by aggrieved individuals.

What is clear from the whole tenor of his article, and in particular from his second paragraph, is that he considers that a *recommendation* of the Law Commission should be acted upon as if it were already binding upon magistrates' courts – in other words he advocates that magistrates should administer the law as he would wish to have it rather than as it is. In so doing he displays the very ignorance which he so charitably and readily ascribes to my colleagues.

Reasoned advocacy of changes in the law and its administration is one thing; ill-informed and abusive criticism of those who to the best of their ability are performing a voluntary public duty is another. Fortunately there can be little doubt that the public at large hold the magistracy in higher esteem than the denigrating efforts of certain cheapjack members of the journalistic profession.

JOHN B. TURNER
Chairman,
Edmonton Petty Sessional Division,
Middlesex Area of Greater London
London N17

The Unloved Ones

Sir, In his review of *Unity Mitford: A Quest* David Caute (NS 12 November) suggests that there is an upper-class Establishment that rallies round Mitfords and Mosleys. This is a fantasy. In my experience, the two sets of people with an almost ineradicably built-in hostility to Mosleys are the conservative social Establishment, and the politically committed Left. In this respect, they form a sort of Hitler-Stalin pact.

David Caute also suggests that it is social renegades who make the best historians. He says this about David Pryce-Jones – the author of *Unity Mitford*. But what Establishment is hostile to David Pryce-Jones – or David Caute? And who on earth, besides her sisters, stands up for Unity Mitford?

NICHOLAS MOSLEY

21a Heath Street
London NW3

Inverted Snobbery

Sir, Graham Greene says (Letters 5 November) he has never been guilty of what he terms 'vulgar inversions' of subject and verb in dialogue.

I refer him to page 64 of his novel *Our Man in Havana* (Penguin Edition):

> Somebody scraped a chair in the patio. 'Your wife?' *asked Wormold.*

Or is Mr Greene parodying someone here?

J. V. STEVENSON

15 Olney Road
London SE17

Sir, Mea culpa. To be publicly taken to task on a stylistic matter by so eminent a writer as Graham Greene is an honour I had never dreamt of. As penance I shall re-read all his books. (But are inversions – 'said the Sheik,' 'cried the priest' – necessarily *vulgar*?)

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

20 Kilmington Way
Christchurch, Dorset

Robert Relf and the Right

Sir, Your leading article last week ends with the words '. . . Robert Relf: at least he now votes Tory'. I would not put any money on this.

There is a by-election for a seat on Warwick Town Council in progress in which there is a National Party candidate: an election leaflet circulated by him contains a direct and friendly reference to Robert Relf; the imprint on this leaflet and on his election address is 29 Cowdrey Close, Leamington Spa which, to the best of my knowledge, is still Mr Relf's address. Furthermore I have myself seen Mr Relf on the streets of Warwick engaged in an activity which looked remarkably like canvassing. I am the Labour Party candidate and he was not canvassing for me; I have checked with the Tory candidate and he emphatically denies any connection with Mr Relf. There are only three candidates in this by-election.

ELIZABETH BUCKBY

35 Victoria Street
Warwick

Faux Pas

Sir, The book whose title Christopher Hitchens (in 'Geneva Diary' NS 5 November) helpfully translates for us as *A Swiss Above All Suspicion* is actually called *Une Suisse au-dessus de tout soupçon*. Since nobody with enough knowledge of French to read the book could conceivably think that 'une Suisse means 'a Swiss', it is rather fatuous of Mr Hitchens to go on as if he knew all about it.

JOHN FRASER

30 Chemin de Pont-Céard
Versoix
Switzerland

The Metropolitan Poet

Sir, 'What made Pope important' was that he wrote with elegance and wit about people he had studied closely. What makes Clive James a charlatan is that he writes boorishly in nursery doggerel about people he has never met, and then asks us to compare him with Pope.

AUBERON WAUGH

Combe Florey House
Combe Florey
Taunton, Somerset

P.S. And like most literate Englishmen, I *can* compose in couplets when the mood takes me.

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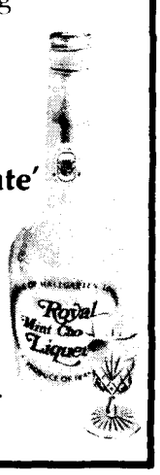

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Philip French

Mrs Redden's Profession

The Doctor's Wife by BRIAN MOORE *Cape* £3.50

Nightmare images of tanks cruising down empty night streets; feverish erotic couplings with a stranger in foreign hotels; a married woman with one son from a provincial backwater breaking out on a trip abroad; a concerned sibling observing a rebellious younger sister; the palpable absence of God in the central characters' lives and the notion that art and sex might replace Him – these are of course the crucial elements of Ingmar Bergman's potent allegory of the early Sixties, *The Silence*. They are also the principal ingredients of Brian Moore's fine new novel, *The Doctor's Wife* – but here there is, on the face of it at least, nothing abstract; the nagging anxieties of one decade have become the everyday realities of another.

In *The Doctor's Wife*, the armoured cars patrol not some Kafkaesque no-man's-land but the littered streets of Belfast, home of Sheila Redden, whose husband Kevin is a crude philistine surgeon, a Catholic employed at a Protestant hospital and working as a consultant to the British army. On her way to the South of France, Sheila meets a shadowy American student, at 26 some ten years her junior; he's virile, handsome and intelligent, he falls in love with her, and they embark on a sensual idyll that destroys her link with her family. Sheila has lost her religious, social and political moorings. As she remarks to her brother when he suggests she might be fleeing from the bombs of Belfast:

> We have the Troubles. They're the only thing we believe in anymore . . . The Protestants don't believe in Britain and the Catholics don't believe in God. And none of us believes in the future.

Moore, the lapsed Ulster Catholic, and Bergman, the agnostic Swedish Lutheran, have other things in common, among them their consistent concern over 20-odd years with strong, vulnerable women in conflict with weak, oppressive males (starting at a time when Greer meant Garson, and Millett was where students bought duffel-coats), a persistent refusal to suggest political solutions for spiritual problems, and a curious, almost innocent willingness to let their heroes and heroines sort out their problems in dreams. Most recently in *Catholics* and *The Great Victorian Collection*, Moore has been re-examining his preoccupation with loss of faith and human loneliness in openly allegorical fashion. Meanwhile, in *Scenes from Married Life* and *Face to Face*, Bergman has been attempting – as Moore has ever since his first novel *Judith Hearne* in 1955 – to revitalise the kind of banal, mundane situations usually left to soap opera and women's magazine romancers.

As I've suggested, *The Doctor's Wife* is an addition to a fastidiously attended body of work (Moore's last novel was very precisely about a novelist's responsibility for what he creates) and there are echoes and reverberations from earlier books at all levels. One might indeed go further and suggest that with *Judith Hearne*, *The Feast of Lupercal* and *The Emperor of Ice Cream*, it makes up an informal Belfast quartet. Sheila Redden, for instance, is the inhibited Catholic spinster Judith Hearne inverted, and she is also the female equivalent of the doctor's son, Gavin Burke, the teenager attaining manhood in the 1940 Blitz in *The Emperor of Ice Cream*, living a generation on, as once more bombs explode indiscriminately in the streets of Belfast. And there are other echoes to be found: when Sheila finally drops out she becomes a branch manageress for a North London laundry; when another Irish exile, the sad hero of *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, is cast adrift from his family in Montreal, he gets a job delivering babies' nappies.

Like many authors working within the traditional constraints of narrative fiction, Moore has received inadequate praise for his technical skill, which goes far beyond that of most fashionable innovators. The control of point-of-view is a particular strength. In *An Answer from Limbo* he alternates chapter by chapter between two subjective third-person narratives and a first person narrator, without once going back in time. *The Doctor's Wife* is constantly shifting perspective, though somewhat more self-consciously than usual, in the presentation of his heroine, who in objective passages is sternly referred to as 'Mrs Redden' to point up the contrast with her personal, sad-snobbish reveries on her past life and crushed hopes. He also uses, rather slyly, a device from earlier books, by which we are briefly given a glimpse of the central characters through the eyes of an outside observer, who then disappears from the scene. In *The Doctor's Wife* they are a pair of English voyeurs in the South of France whose prurience serves the salutary purpose of heading off – or making us aware of – our own disapproval of Sheila's affair.

Moore thus gives us three things – the characters observed, the way they might reasonably expect to see themselves, and the manner in which they might strike an unsympathetic onlooker. What he does not offer, and what (by his strict definition of the thing we are seeing at any one time) he insists we can never know, is that complete revelation of character that so many readers and critics demand. It is ironic that the least intelligent of Moore's protagonists appreciate this most clearly. Judith Hearne emits the painful cry: 'They don't understand me, they never will, they've never been me.' Ginger Coffey, more sentimental than Judith, muses thus:

> He had no one. He was 3,000 miles from home, across half a frozen continent and the whole Atlantic Ocean. Only one person in the city, only one person in the whole world, really knew him: knew the man he once was, the man he now was. One person in the whole world who 15 years ago in Saint Pat's in Dalkey had stood beside him in a white veil for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health until death. One person had known him: or known most of him. Would anyone ever know him again?

Sheila Redden is more truly alone than that, for she had stood 'in a white veil' some 15 years before her moment of isolation in Paris and she has a husband whom she despises and who, though he doesn't realise it, hates her. Just how alone she is, and how unique her position, are matters deliberately left in the air. Severe pre-menstrual depression, premature menopause, illness, true love found at last, a casualty of political unrest, a victim of religious doubt, the frustrations of a graduate wife (Sheila speaks of 'the laundry list of events that had been her life since she married Kevin', a cruel anticipation of her subsequent professional refuge) – all these possibilities are canvassed as explanations of her predicament.

It is perhaps a criticism of the novel that politics, in either their most immediate emotional form or in their ampler, more conjectural aspect, don't loom larger. True, Moore has, in the American sense of the term, paid his dues in *The Emperor of Ice Cream* and elsewhere, and no one is demanding that he should match Leon Uris and return home from America to write the up-market version of *Trinity*. Nevertheless, in playing down the politics, he has further loaded the dice, or stacked the deck, against his male characters. Sheila's husband and brother could quite legitimately have been portrayed as stoic medical heroes of battered Belfast rather than as a pair of crude, opportunistic doctors. Her brother measures her husband's skill by the fact that, despite being a Catholic, he's employed at a fashionable Protestant hospital; and her husband immediately suggests the possibility of emigration when he starts wheedling for her to return home. Sheila's American lover seems totally uninterested in politics, and when Sheila meets his hippie girl friend, the first outsider she encounters in Paris, the American girl's flip introductory comment, 'I guess you've just got to get the British out of there', is ignored by Sheila. More than ignored in fact, for we are told that 'Mrs Redden did not honour this with an answer.'

It takes an old, seedy French priest in a chapel in Notre Dame – a somewhat Greenean figure, one might think, as if Moore were returning the compliments lately bestowed on him by our senior novelist – to suggest that perhaps her troubles, and consequent thoughts of suicide, are related to the central absurdities of modern life. Their two encounters are beautifully observed, even if it is a little improbable that a woman who had spent some years studying French literature should have to depend upon the kindness of this particular stranger to learn about the key notions of Albert Camus.

However, at the end we are left with the

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predicament of Sheila Redden, who has abandoned her Irish husband and the corrupted past of her native country and given up her American lover and the future world he represents, and now stands alone. There are striking images evinced to support this. On a personal and social level, for instance, there are interlocking experiences, one that haunts Sheila, and another that haunts us. She keeps recalling a blood-streaked woman rushing out into the Belfast street where Sheila and a priest were giving the last rites to a dying bomb victim, shouting, 'Fucking Fenian gets!' and slapping the astonished pair. This is weirdly paralleled later when Sheila is roused from her lover's bed in Paris in the middle of the night by her son telephoning from Belfast – and as the menstrual blood begins to flow down her thighs she finds herself being abused by her son for deserting him and her husband.

Several times in the course of *The Doctor's Wife*, italicised on the sixth page and repeated as the final words, we are told about 'the man in the newspaper story, the ordinary man who goes down to the corner to buy cigarettes and is never heard from again'. This is what Sheila Redden eventually does, and what puts her by choice in the same position of desolate isolation to which a malign fate has assigned earlier Moore heroes and heroines. It is a situation that has intrigued numerous writers – Hawthorne in 'Wakefield'; Dashiell Hammett in an elaborate anecdote told by Sam Spade in *The Maltese Falcon*, to which his most earnest exegetist Steven Marcus attaches an almost sibylline significance; and, especially terrifyingly, Paul Bowles in *The Sheltering Sky*, a novel that anticipates both Bergman's *The Silence* and *The Doctor's Wife*. It helps make this Moore's bleakest novel to date, though a splendidly bracing experience. I'm not at all sure that it will rank among his best work, but it's a worthy contribution to an oeuvre that stands, modestly and persuasively, at the centre of 20th-century experience.

Elaine Feinstein

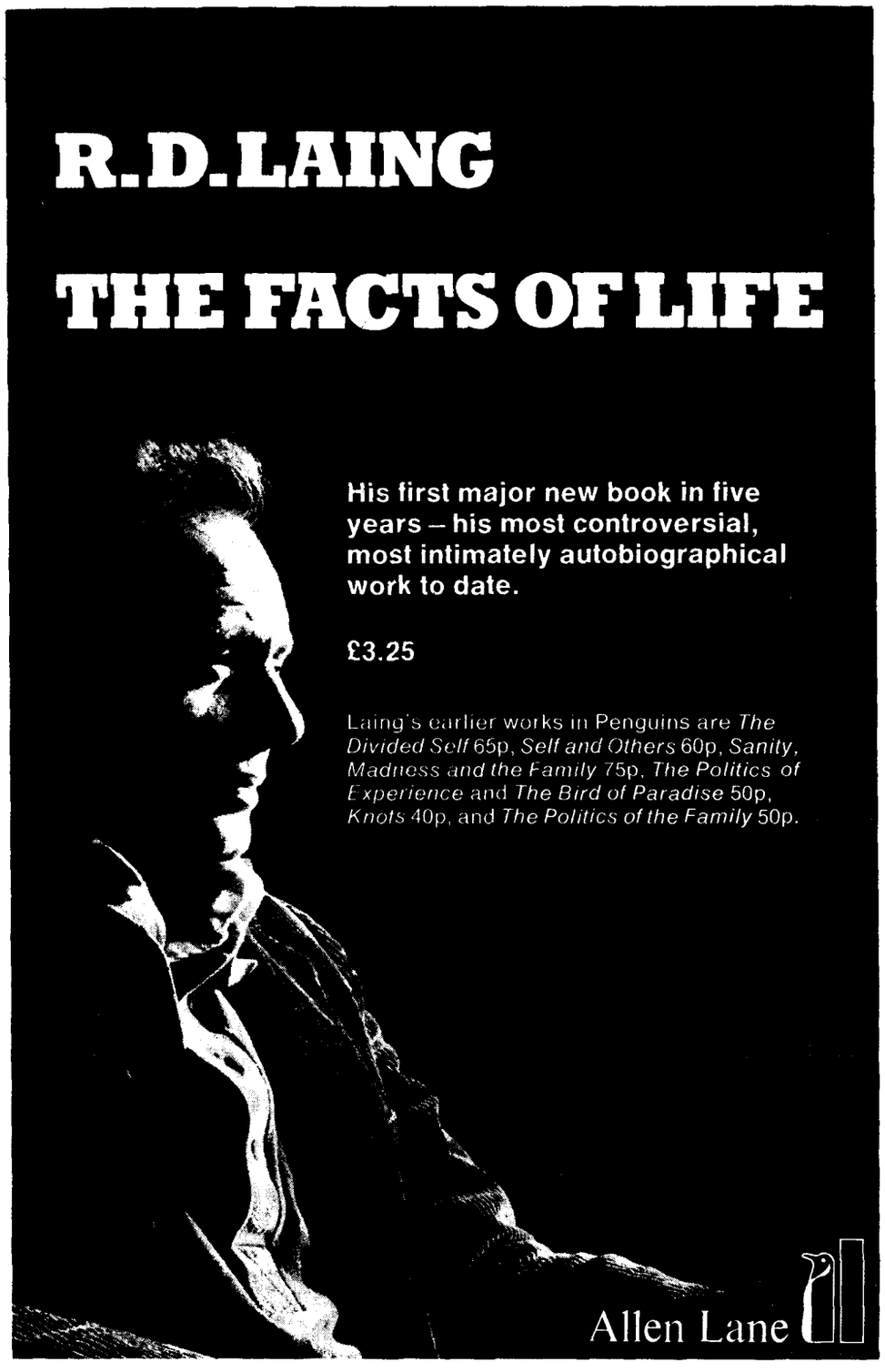
Surviving

Anna Akhmatova: A Poetic Pilgrimage by AMANDA HAIGHT *Oxford* £5.50

The durability of poetry against neglect, contempt, tyranny, banning and even burning is one of the few tested triumphs of the human spirit. The survival of individual poets seems often a matter of cruel chance. Who would have predicted Anna Andreevna, a young tubercular beauty with an assumed Tartar name, as one of the few survivors of any stature through the horrors of the Russian 20th century? Amanda Haight was lucky enough to know and talk on terms of intimacy with this remarkable woman in the year before her death, yet the strength of this book does not rest on that acquaintance. There is little anecdotal information that is new to us, or perhaps that Miss Haight has chosen to present. The whole structure on which this biography turns is the development of Akhmatova as a poet. It is in that development that Miss Haight has chosen to reveal the spiritual stamina of her subject. A remarkably consistent, even alarming, portrait emerges.

It is important to realise that the iconography of poem cycles and paintings had begun to grow up about Akhmatova long before the Terrors to which she was to become witness. Her early poems should not be dismissed because of the apparent slightness of their subject matter. They are almost chillingly perfect, these productions of a young, remote Akhmatova, 'Not a wife but a witch', who could describe a quarrel with her first husband Gumilyov with remote delicacy, as if she were conscious of her own cruelty and his grief only as he moves off into the distance. Odd that Soviet critics should ever have attacked her 'home and family poetry'. The 'boudoir grace' is misleading. In some sense the obstinacy of the spine is already evident. And the unusual quality of her poetry about children is the ferocity of her awareness that she is a 'bad mother'; that she is willing to offer child as well as lover to preserve her 'secret gift of song'. To be a survivor it may be necessary to have such passionate ruthlessness. Her one attempt to throw away a sense of her own gift, in her second marriage, to Shileyko, was a torment and a disaster. And later on she was to deny that she had ever really stopped writing poetry.

The facts of her life are well-known. Her own opportunities to publish poetry were soon shut down. Gumilyov, her first husband, was shot; her son Lev (whom she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Allen Lane

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had left with her mother-in-law to be looked after for many years) was ultimately arrested, released, and re-arrested on charges which arose entirely from having Gumilyov and Akhmatova for parents. In spite of many friends' pleas, Akhmatova always doggedly refused to go into emigration; she knew very well that the pain of the exile could be as destructive as prison.

Paradoxically, the war which brought such hideous destruction to the Russian people was nevertheless a time of extraordinary healing within the nation itself. It was 1941 that made it possible for Akhmatova to publish again; and for Fadayeev to write to Stalin and secure her son's release from gaol. It is true that not all poets were so fortunate. Tsvetayeva, whose brief meeting in Moscow in 1941 with Akhmatova is most vividly described here, had been in exile too long and was too deeply under suspicion to be rehabilitated then.

And Akhmatova's acceptance was to prove brief enough. By 4 September 1946 she was already under onslaught from Zhdanov; in 1950 she was compelled to write a cycle of poems celebrating Stalin, in order to safeguard the life of her son. And her heart was weakening. When her son, after 14 years in prison, was finally released, the great joy she must have felt soon turned to grief in finding how deeply the prison years had separated them.

This knowledge makes some of Akhmatova's greatest poems almost inaccessibly alien. In the long *poema* where the walls of her son's prison become the Stations of the Cross, her own person becomes Mary the suffering mother. And it is not that the suffering is inadequate to the myth; it is more that the shuffling lines of freezing women with their bundles are so much more powerful than the images used to help us bear them. Of such a great poet one can only say it with diffidence: but in 'Requiem' it is almost as if she moves away from the realities of her son's suffering in order to encompass her own.

Amanda Haight bears eloquent testimony to Akhmatova's courage and generosity of spirit, to her loyalty and to her integrity. There can be no question of her place in the roll-call of witnesses and martyrs and truth-tellers whose number among Russian poets of this century bulks so astonishingly large. And yet there is something proud, even haughty, in her too. She is not a natural victim. There is a tough quality there in the photographs, which is perhaps not explored fully in the text. Perhaps to be a survivor is never entirely an accident.

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Francis Huxley

The Gene Machine

Who Do You Think You Are? by OLIVER GILLIE *Hart-Davis, MacGibbon* £4.95
The Selfish Gene by RICHARD DAWKINS *Oxford* £2.95

Darwin had his first inkling of how evolution could take place by natural selection in 1837, and he sat on the idea until 1858, when Wallace forced his hand with his independent discovery of the idea. He had held back from publication not only to perfect the theory with a mass of facts but because he was afraid of its consequences – as he wrote in a letter of 1844, he was 'almost convinced that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable'. How right he was, on both counts.

It was a quirk of fate rather than ambitious timidity that caused Mendel's seminal paper of 1865 to be lost to the scientific world until 1900. This was probably all to the good as far as Darwin was concerned, for though Mendel showed the particulate nature of heredity, he had nothing to say about mutation; and while Darwin might have been pleased to feed Mendel into his selective machinery, he still had to explain how new traits emerged to *be* selected. Late in his life he therefore turned to a kind of Lamarckism to explain the fastidious precision of such new traits and to stop him feeling sick at the sight of a peacock's feather. But when the Duke of Argyll asked if such apparently teleological contrivances of nature were not the expression of mind, Darwin replied, 'Well, that often comes over me with overwhelming force; but at other times' – and he shook his head sadly – 'it seems to go away.'

The magic that Darwin cast on the world can be summed up in two words: 'habit', by which he meant both heredity and adaptation; and 'origin', which meant not so much a common ancestor as a constant ecological function. He was rapidly misunderstood by most of his contemporaries who, unlike him, had a one-track mind about heredity. Some of the unfortunate results of these one-track minds are recounted by Oliver Gillie in *Who Do You Think You Are?* – a question that might better have been posed in the first person plural. Take Francis Galton, for instance, that delightful eccentric who was also Darwin's cousin, and who wrote *Hereditary Genius* in 1869. After reading the *Origins* he declared that he had been freed from 'an intolerable burden of superstition', and soon set himself up as the cardinal of the evolutionary church responsible for eugenics. Dr Gillie notes the constant religious background of much evolutionary thought, and points out Haeckel's Calvinist preoccupations with what he supposed was the hereditary nature of TB, syphilis and mental disorders, which led him to propagate the doctrine of euthanasia. It required only a few more such delicate touches for the Nazis to declare that the fate of the Third Reich was indissolubly bound up with racial hygiene, and to point the finger of scorn at Lamarckism – a Bolshevik lie, they said. This rings true, when we remember the purge of scientists in Russia during the Lysenko episode, and the fiasco of its end.

On these and other grounds Dr Gillie distinguishes two kinds of scientist: the conservatives, who are hereditarian; and the liberal-radicals, who are environmentalist. As a medical man, and a humane one to boot, he sides with the latter, though well aware of the numerous organic defects such as haemophilia, sickle-cell anaemia and phenylketonuria, that are genetically determined. But when it comes to nonconformities of a different kind – well, take schizophrenia. Many attempts have been made to show that this is hereditary, and that it continues to exist because of certain beneficent side-effects. But just what is schizophrenia? The diagnostic criteria in, say, London and New York have been found to be so different that one cannot even begin to compare statistics: and as for the aetiology of the disorder, there is still no way of separating the effects of nature and nurture. The nearest thing to a controlled experiment here is the study of twins, but the results, to anyone who knows the complexity of the situation, are really quite inconclusive.

Dr Gillie goes into other disputes about the genetic basis of health in general, of criminality and intelligence – or rather, of IQ. Galton was again the one to start this off, with the later help of Yerks and Burt; and now we have Jensen, Eysenck and Herrnstein telling us that intelligence is 80 per cent inherited, and that compensatory school programmes have proved themselves failures and should therefore be abolished. No doubt

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the argument will rage until someone achieves the impossible with a test that is both culture and nurture free – or until we arrive at the Brave New World and find ourselves cloned regardless.

The hereditarian argument is obviously impolitic, if only because it is not Darwinian – it has divided 'habit' into its constituents, and has run off with genetics under one arm and the politics of natural selection under the other, leaving adaptation behind. In *The Selfish Gene* Richard Dawkins at first seems to be doing the same thing. He is out to examine the biology of selfishness and altruism, as Lorenz, Ardrey and Eibl-Eibesfeldt have done before him: and he says they have got it totally wrong – 'they made the erroneous assumption that the important thing in evolution is the good of the species, (or the group) rather than the good of the individual (or gene).' Nor has E. O. Wilson got it right in his *Sociobiology*, much as Dr Dawkins admires that book: group-selection theory, for all its intuitive appeal, has no real working principle.

What Dr Dawkins has done is to go back to Darwin (and Spencer) and put politics where it belongs, in the heart of the evolutionary process. It then appears in the guise of self-interest, role-playing and betting against the odds. For in a highly competitive world, he says, our genes must have been as ruthless as Chicago gangsters to survive: which shows that altruism is bad, and selfishness good.

All this is a preliminary skirmish against the proponents of group selection. Dr Dawkins is undoubtedly feeling his oats a bit here, as he also is when asking why sex, 'that bizarre perversion of straightforward replication', happened to evolve in the first place. His brisk answer is that we must imagine a gene for sexuality that manipulates all the other genes for its own ends, just as 'mutator' genes are known that make for copying errors, and which continue to exist because it is in their interest to do so. This splendid knockabout argument only reaches its climax when he considers the action of single genes in embryonic development, and remarks that the relationships involved are so complex that we had better not contemplate them.

We must allow Dr Dawkins his fun because, as he later makes clear, he does know something about the concept of the gene pool, and may even have heard of the fact that just as many genes can collaborate in making one protein, so one gene can help in making more than one protein. Luckily the meat of his argument can do without detailed genetic analysis, just as that of Darwin could, since his real interest is ethology, and his forte in describing how bits of behaviour (that is, selfish actions) come to form a corporate whole (*viz*, that collection of habits known as a species). He does so with the help of the elegant concept developed by J. Maynard Smith *et al* known as 'the evolutionarily stable strategy'.

This is based on Games theory, with various kinds of behaviour categorised as roles, and with arbitrary points allocated to the winners or losers on an actuarial basis. Imagine a species in which the individuals are all 'doves', who threaten each other but never fight. The pay-off for being a dove is calculated as +15. But now a mutant 'hawk' emerges, who does fight and therefore always beats doves: it scores +50. This is fine for hawks until there are so many that they fight each other, for the loser will be scored −100. The average hawk-score is thus −25, so that hawks now do worse than doves. But the population will become stable as soon as there are five doves to seven hawks, which means that the gene-pool has also become evolutionarily stable, being now immune to treachery from within.

This and other Gedanken experiments on the genesis of cooperative behaviour from selfish roots is a most stimulating exercise. It is carried out in direct and spirited language, and with a nice choice of names for the roles that are commented on – some of which he takes from Maynard Smith, as in the follow-up to the dove and hawk game, which involves the Bully, the Prober and the Retaliator; others which he invents himself, for example to account for social grooming, where the players are the Sucker, the Cheat and the Grudger. From time to time he explains more detailed pieces of behaviour, such as why guillemots recognise their own eggs while other birds do not; why it is so often male fish who are lumbered with the job of looking after their offspring, and why fledglings make such a noise in order to be fed. Sometimes his argument runs away with him, as in his evolutionary explanation of why overcrowding often reduces the birth-rate, and I can only gasp with admiration at his remark that the most desirable quality a female finds in a male is his sexual attractiveness. Yes, yes, and Darwin said so too when faced by sexual dimorphism: but what happens in all those cases where the sexes look alike? Well, there must be another game to account for that.

It is with the evolution of social insects, however, that his approach pays the greatest dividends. Here he develops J. B. S. Haldane's nice problem about whether it is genetically worth risking your life to save a relative from drowning, and at what remove you are wise to stop. I cannot see any alternative to an evolutionarily stable strategy to account for the existence of the various castes, and he cites good evidence to show how it is that workers, though neuter, can yet run things to their own genetic advantage – a situation that is reversed amongst slaving ants, where the set-up allows the queen to bend the sex-ratio to the advantage of her genes.

And all these things happen by accident, from the exceedingly improbable formation of the first self-replicating molecule to the 'survival machines – robot vehicles blindly programmed to preserve the selfish molecules known as genes' that we are. Well, that often does strike me with overwhelming force: but at other times . . .

Among this week's contributors:

KENNETH MORGAN is a fellow of The Queen's College, Oxford, and author of books on *Wales in British Politics*, *Lloyd George* and *Keir Hardie*.

ELAINE FEINSTEIN is working on a biography of Marina Tsvetayeva.

FRANCIS HUXLEY's study of Lewis Carroll, *The Raven and the Writing Desk*, will be published at the end of the month.

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Derek Mahon

High and Dry

Ezra Pound: The Last Rower: A Political Profile by C. DAVID HEYMANN *Faber* £5.95

The first spirit Odysseus meets on his descent into Hades is that of his own oarsman, the youthful and inexperienced Elpenor, whom the others, in their hurry to quit the island of Circe, had left behind. Elpenor, walking with a sore head and seeing the ship set sail, had run to join it, only to fall from the roof of Circe's palace and break his neck. Now he makes Odysseus promise that on his return to the island he will bury him by the shore and set up his oar to mark the grave. In the first of the *Cantos,* Pound provides Elpenor with an epitaph: 'A man of no fortune, and with a name to come.' A young fool grown noble in afterlife, left high and dry by the flux of history: the Elpenor persona suited Pound to perfection. But he saw himself as Odysseus too. Not the Homeric Odysseus, says Leslie Fiedler, but a 'non-Homeric, romanticised figure out of Dante by way of Tennyson'. And Cocteau called him *'un rameur sur le fleuve des morts'*. Young voyager, old salt, gondolier of a subsiding civilisation, he was born far from the sea.

His paternal grandfather, Thaddeus Coleman Pound, a Midwestern railway baron and politician, issued his own scrip, good as money in his mills and stores: 'STATE OF WISCONSIN, Union Lumbering Company, Chippewa Falls, will pay to the bearer on demand FIFTY CENTS in MERCHANDISE or LUMBER.' Thaddeus Pound's agreement with Greenback party platforms supporting government control of an adequate supply of money was similar to his grandson's adoption and support of Social Credit fiscal policy, says Dr Heymann:

> The mixture of agrarian and labour groups that composed the Greenback party constituency corresponded to the poet's ideal of an agrarian-guild craftsman economy. In this sense, Ezra Pound never abandoned the frontier.

He first met C. H. Douglas, the 'inventor' of Social Credit, in London in 1918, at a time when the poet was preoccupied with the shambles the war had made of Europe. Douglas blamed the war on 'financial credit', which he distinguished from 'real credit': 'Financial credit . . . is the monopoly of a comparatively few individuals, scarcely more than one in 100,000 of the population.' Pound agreed, and agreed further that this omnipotent minority was composed largely of Jews. The corporate state, 'cleansed' of 'Judaeocracy', became his ideal. He settled in Italy in 1924.

Attorney-General Elliot Richardson, acting in the wake of Watergate, made the FBI files on Pound available to Dr Heymann under the Freedom of Information Act. These contain, among much other material, a number of letters from the poet to Mussolini, Ciano and other leading figures in the Italian Fascist regime. A selection is published here for the first time, and from them it is clear that Pound was not only a devoted but a fanatical Fascist in the strictest sense of the term. He met Mussolini only once, at his own request, and was told that his poetry was 'amusing' (*divertente*). Pound's admiration knew no bounds, and thenceforth *Il Duce* was 'The

John Mole

Bestial Homilies

Darwin's Ape weeps underneath a tree –
Further, my God, than ever and ever from Thee.

Lear's Owl is singing to his small guitar –
Love is a pussy. What beautiful pussies there are.

Carroll's White Rabbit hasn't made it yet –
He drops in at the lab. for one last cigarette.

Tennyson's Eagle plummeting from his crag –
The world belongs now to the cormorant and shag.

Melville's Whale, a transatlantic freak –
Out of the mouths of babes . . . and even dolphins speak.

Somebody's faithful dog, no matter whose –
Good dogs are always faithful. Treacherous ones make news.

My cat purrs loudly through the bulletins –
Her aerial whiskers twitch, indifferent to our sins.

Behold, a tiny autocratic mouse –
He's thinking big. He plans to overthrow the house.

Be warned by Nature not to let things go –
The animals prepare to say: We told you so.

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Boss'. Living in Rapallo, increasingly cut off from old friends and sources of information, he gradually lost touch with reality. Economics became an obsession. When Yeats visited him in 1934, hoping for some of the critical acumen from which he had once benefited, he was disturbed by Pound's 'violence'. At this time Pound was signalling frantically to anyone he thought might help him save the world. Roosevelt received a postcard. One one side was a reproduction of Grandpa Pound's 50-cent scrip, and on the other the message:

> Lest you forget the nature of money/i.e., that it is a ticket. For the govt. to issue it against any particular metal is merely to favour the owners of that metal . . . You can see that the bill here photod. has SERVED (I mean by the worn state of the note). Certificates of work done. That is what these notes were in fact/before the bank swine got the monopoly.

The villainousness of banks is not, God knows, an original or far-fetched idea; and only a money bore will deny that money is a bore invented by bores with (ideally) the sole purpose of facilitating the daily transition of mankind from (ideally) interesting work to (ideally) interesting pleasure. But Pound, in campaigning for a return to real value (even in Rapallo, an American toilet roll cost more than a copy of *The Divine Comedy*), became a money bore himself; so much so that even his Social Credit friends lost patience with him.

His visit to America in 1939, conceived as an 11th-hour bid to avert war, was a disaster. Roosevelt was too busy to see him, and he had to content himself with the attention of a handful of obscure senators, each of them duly enshrined in the *Cantos* alongside Confucius and Jefferson. He gave a poetry reading at Harvard, where, noticing that there were a lot of Jews present, he read a number of anti-Semitic poems.

Back in Italy, he noted that 'Mussolini and Hitler follow, through magnificent intuition, the doctrines of Confucius', and set about getting himself a spot on Rome Radio. The Italians thought him bonkers, but conceivably useful, and in January 1941 he began ('Europe calling, Pound speaking') his now notorious series of broadcasts, 125 in all. 'The palaver,' says Dr Heymann,

> poured forth in a variety of tongues: flat, pedantic, scolding tones intermingled with exaggerated Southern drawls, Western plainsman lulls, Cockney growls. He switched from one to the other without warning, breaking at times into a torrid rage, slurring his words, ranting at a low-pitched roar.

Here are some of the things he said:

> That any Jew in the White House should send American kids to die for the scum of the English earth . . .
>
> Don't start a pogrom. That is, not an old-style killing of small Jews. Of course, if some man had a stroke of genius, and could start a pogrom up at the top . . .
>
> You have been fed on lies, and Mr Squirmy and Mr Slime are still feeding it to you over the BBC radio, and every one of the Jew radios of New York and Boston . . .

The story of Pound's incarceration at Pisa in 1945, of his indictment for treason and his 12 years in a Washington asylum for the insane, is fascinating in itself. More so, if anything, is the extent of public interest in his case, and the degree of controversy it aroused. If Pound had come to trial (he was found unfit to stand), it would have been, says Dr Heymann,

> not just the trial of a modern-day poet, but of the stuff, the genre, of poetry itself. It was as much Milton's trial, or Blake's, or Dante's as it was Pound's.

And the controversy didn't rest with the offender out of the way. When, in 1949, the Fellows in American Letters of the Library of Congress awarded Pound the Bollingen Prize of $1,000 for *The Pisan Cantos*, educated opinion in America was fiercely divided. At one end of the scale was the critic Dwight Macdonald, who applauded the award as 'the brightest political act in a dark period' (these were the McCarthy years), at the other Senator Jacob Javits, who considered that fascists were taking over the Library of Congress and wanted to know what, if anything, was being done about it. And if Pound's supporters hoped that he would emerge from confinement a sadder and a wiser man, they were disappointed. Back in Italy in 1958, he gave the Fascist salute and told reporters: 'All America is an insane asylum.'

But with old age came dignity, an Ithacan peace. He ceased to work and fell, literally, silent. 'It was an awesome silence,' says Dr Heymann, 'transcendent, deep as the grave.' It implied, he suggests, regret, repentance, withdrawal, and a rejection of the modern world: 'With his flashing white hair and beard, and dark, deep, almost blind-looking eyes, he was a Tiresian prophet, a silent seer, Lear upon a corpsed stage.' He broke the silence from time to time, for example when Allen Ginsberg called on him in Venice in 1967. Ginsberg played records he had brought – Bob Dylan, the Beatles – and gave the old man time to get used to him. Then Pound spoke freely, saying among other things: 'The greatest mistake I made was that stupid, suburban prejudice of anti-Semitism.' Ginsberg magnanimously diagnosed the prejudice as 'a humour, part of the drama'; and Irving Howe, at the time of the Bollingen controversy, was convinced that Pound 'wished none of us personal harm; his first rantings against the Jews were utterly abstract, a phantasm of ideology'. Certainly there is a sense in which Pound meant well, and a sense too in which he was always a humane poet, anticipating even in the earliest *Cantos* the hard-won understanding of his last years:

> And he said: 'Anyone can run to excesses,
> It is easy to shoot past the mark,
> It is hard to stand firm in the middle.'
>
> And they said: 'If a man commit murder
> Should his father protect him, and hide him?'
> And Kung said: 'He should hide him.'
> And Kung gave his daughter to Kong-Tchang
> Although Kong-Tchang was in prison.

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Patrick Gordon-Walker

Electric Chair

Mr Speaker, Sir by SELWYN-LLOYD *Cape* £4.95

What makes a good Speaker? In the short run, his capacity to manage the House of Commons and to be regarded with some affection by his fellow members; in the eye of history, it is the mark that a Speaker leaves on the law and procedure of parliament. By both these standards, Lord Selwyn-Lloyd comes through with merit, and his repute will be enhanced by this book, which is a unique account of Parliament as seen from the chair.

Selwyn-Lloyd's aim is to give 'an impression of the Speaker's day-to-day life when the House is sitting'. We see how a particular Speaker at a particular and difficult period dealt with the innumerable problems that arose in the House; often at extremely short notice – sometimes at none at all. The author gives a clear picture of how the Speaker has to handle some 600 members, amongst whom perhaps 100 can be vocal, strong-willed, short-tempered and not easily impressed by authority.

'The Speaker,' as they say, 'can never do exactly right.' Selwyn-Lloyd describes a number of unruly episodes over which he had to arbitrate. On the 13th day of his Speakership, he found that some 60 Labour MPs stood 'in a solid phalanx beyond the Table, shouting at me and making it impossible for the Minister to be heard'. He suspended the sitting for 15 minutes. On his return to the chair, he immediately called a motion on the order paper to suspend the rule that business should end at 10 pm, and cried out 'Clear the Lobbies' – the signal that a division was to take place. The demonstrators had rather sheepishly to disband and go through the division lobbies. Their demonstration was not resumed. Observers of Westminster are rarely aware that Parliament is now relatively orderly: Asquith was often shouted down as PM.

The Speaker's powers have been steadily increased and today are formidable. Like a football referee his immediate decisions have to be obeyed. At the same time, he is always liable to have a motion of censure put down against him. If it were carried, he would have to vacate the chair and become a beck-bencher. No such motion has been carried, but the threat is ever-present against a Speaker whose conduct repeatedly offends the House. Two such motions were tabled against Selwyn-Lloyd but they had minuscule support and neither came to a vote. Selwyn-Lloyd had a happy knack of knowing when to be firm and when to have a blind eye and a deaf ear. He also knew that time often stilled anger.

The author corrects a number of misconceptions about the role of a Speaker. Perhaps the most common is that in a tied vote the chair always supports the government. In fact, the Speaker's duty is to use his casting vote to keep further discussion open. Thus, he would vote against an amendment to a bill and against the government if they had proposed the amendment. The third reading of a bill must have a majority to pass. The Speaker would vote against a motion to read a bill a third time, in the case of a tie. If the bill were a government one, it would lose.

Selwyn-Lloyd made a number of innovations. Before his time, it was the invariable practice of the chair to call any privy councillor who stood up to catch his eye. Back benchers became restive and annoyed when at the opening of an important debate a number of privy councillors were called, successively, after the two opening front-bench speeches. Selwyn-Lloyd introduced a rule of practice by which he refrained from calling two back-bench privy councillors running from either side of the House without calling an ordinary back-bencher in between.

He rejected the previous practice of ruling whether there was a *prima facie* case on an alleged breach of privilege. This, in his opinion, implied that the Speaker had a view on the merits of the case. Instead, he simply decided whether the question should be given priority over other business. If he so decided, the matter would almost certainly be referred by decision of the House by the Committee of Privileges.

Selwyn-Lloyd shares the general view that the Commons has lost authority – 'For many years the Government, not the House, has possessed the Executive Power.' But when has this not been so? Only, I think, in Cromwell's time. A large legislature is incapable of governing because it contains many divisions within itself and can rarely come to rapid confidential decisions. Cromwell had in fact to purge or pack his parliaments to try to achieve unanimity, until he himself assumed executive power.

Selwyn-Lloyd looks forward, with a fresh and open, even a radical, eye to possible future developments in Parliament. He suggests that members who attend committees in the morning might receive extra remuneration to compensate them for the extra earnings often made by members through private pursuits. He favours the broadcasting and televising of proceedings in the House. He wants an extension of Question Time by half an hour. He would like to see an expansion of the specialist committees. He favours home rule for the English regions. He proposes a more frequent adjustment of the boundaries of constituencies, to keep them all roughly the same size (in the US, such boundaries are revised every three years). There would be controversy in any House over a number of these proposals; some might suffer considerable delay and some, perhaps, never come to fruition. But they reveal the author's resilience and open-mindedness.

All in all, this is a first-class piece of work. It provides the best and most colourful picture of the House of Commons in action that I have come across and seems likely to remain an essential text-book for teachers and students of politics.

T·L·S THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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Kenneth Morgan

Dissenters

The Abolition of War by KEITH ROBBINS *University of Wales Press* £5.00

The Great War was a crucial watershed in the history of the British Left. When it began, radical dissenters and pacifists appeared isolated, crushed by their total failure to deflect the nation away from war. Yet it was these much-derided idealists, in the UDC and similar bodies, who helped shape the outlook of an entire generation towards foreign affairs in the post-Versailles period. They played their part also in the superseding of the Liberal Party by Labour. These pressure-groups, then, deserve their historian and they have found an admirable one in Keith Robbins. Equipped with a wide understanding both of the foreign policy of the period and of British radical traditions (he has written biographies of Sir Edward Grey and John Bright), he has produced a convincing and compelling study which should have a wide readership.

In the first year of the war, two organisations above all voiced popular protest. There was the Union of Democratic Control, largely the creation of disillusioned Liberal MPs, Trevelyan, Ponsonby and that fanatical Francophobe, E. D. Morel. With the aid of intellectuals such as Hobson, Brailsford, Angell, Lowes Dickinson and Russell, they launched a crusade in support of a democratically controlled foreign policy, open diplomacy and a peace settlement. Then there was the ILP, which argued that militarism could be abolished only through the establishment of a socialist state. It shared key members with the UDC (notably MacDonald); yet between the two there was an essential gulf. The UDC was concerned with popular control not economic power,

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with democracy not with capitalism. Attempts to merge it with the ILP led nowhere. Confusion was added to the peace movement by the proliferation of other bodies, some deep-rooted such as the Quakers, others new creations. There was the Fellowship of Reconciliation with a basic commitment to Christian non-resistance. There was the high-minded League of Nations Society, dedicated to the international law rather than to pacifism. There was the No Conscription Fellowship, dominated by Clifford Allen, which concentrated on civil liberties and the rights of conscientious objectors. And there were yet other fringe movements of a religious or feminist kind. Between and within these variegated dissenters, there was little unity of outlook; they made scant impression on opinion more generally. The advent of Lloyd George as premier seemed to confirm the futility and ineffectiveness of the entire peace crusade.

In 1917 there came a new phase. There were more determined efforts to launch peace by negotiation, partly the result of external events such as the Russian revolution, partly of Lord Lansdowne's curious peace initiative, partly of sheer disgust as the slaughter on the western front dragged on. More seriously, Morel and his UDC friends sought to build new bridges to the trade unions and Labour in an attempt to give their movement an industrial base. Here again, however, there was little to show. A link figure like MacDonald was careful to measure his distance equally from the more revolutionary socialists and the bourgeois idealists of the UDC. The result was a renewed failure to influence either the latter stages of the war or the peace settlement that followed it. British foreign policy – 'one vast lie' in Morel's opinion – had entered another era of deception and betrayal. Peace would have to be waged all over again.

No doubt the impact of the anti-war movement on British policy-making can be overplayed. Previous writers may have made too much of the UDC in the shaping of Labour's attitude to foreign affairs after the war. Morel died in 1924, a disappointed man. And yet the campaigns of the anti-war minorities that Professor Robbins so well describes were far from negligible or pointless. They helped generate a public reaction against the wartime and peacetime diplomacy of the Lloyd George government, with implications for the 'appeasement' policies of the Thirties. At home they helped to sap the morale of the Liberal Party; they gave British radicals a new direction and energy now that the 'new Liberalism' of pre-1914 was a spent force. A man like MacDonald could emerge with a quite new stature, specifically because of his anti-war reputation. By the Thirties, the dissenters could claim that it was the jingoes of 1914-18 who had been revealed as unrealistic and morally bankrupt. But it has been bankruptcy of a more direct kind that has finally won the day for Morel's successors, east of Suez and south of the Zambesi. When the rights of black Rhodesians are considered too expensive to be worth the bones of a British grenadier, then clearly the advocates of 'no foreign policy' have won the ultimate victory after all.

George Melly

Arcadian

All This and 10 Per Cent by JIM GODBOLT
Hale £4.95

There is really no need for me to declare a 'special interest' in this book. Godbolt does it for me, acknowledging that I, among others, encouraged and advised him – not that this inhibits him from drawing a painfully accurate portrait of me in the text itself. What he doesn't say is that initially I was the opposite of encouraging, finding his early writing stiff, facetious and 'literary', and it says much for his obstinacy and self-discipline that he persisted, despite a shower of rejection notes, and that he has finally succeeded in becoming not only a writer but a very good one.

Godbolt was my agent during the heady Fifties, and in his own hyper-tense way we acknowledged him as one of the great eccentrics of the jazz world, a milieu where, as his book demonstrates, the competition to achieve this position was (to say the least) extremely stiff. He was in fact the first exclusive agent in this field, having drifted into it during the later Forties, after managing the George Webb Dixielanders, earliest and most seminal of the bands of the British jazz revival and boasting among its more distinguished alumni both Wally 'Trog' Fawkes and Humphrey Lyttleton. Later he extended his clients to include several elderly dance band leaders, household names before the war but fallen on hard times, a plight Godbolt was unable to alleviate. Finally and inevitably, with the eclipse of jazz in the early Sixties, he found himself working for a large rock agency where eventually his lack of sympathy for both the music and its executants led him to resign. Since then he has turned himself into a writer, earning his living, not I suspect without a certain masochistic pleasure, as a London Electricity Board meter-reader.

Godbolt is a natural gossip with a keen eye and ear for human idiosyncrasy. He is also very sensitive to slights and prepared to carry a grudge for any length of time before discharging it; a failing which, however painful for the recipients, has resulted here in some of the most amusing pages. He is also maniacally class-conscious, always a useful failing for a social satirist.

His book is more, however, than a string of anecdotes and pen-portraits poised between affection and malice. It is certainly more than the documentary the title would imply; in fact my own view is that the sections describing the function of the agent are the only forced passages. It is more, too, than a history of British jazz and its visiting

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firemen, fascinating and accurate though it is. Godbolt's greatest success is in conveying the flavour of an epoch in which it was unnecessary to move very far in order to appear outrageously anti-establishment; a time in which romanticism transformed the drab suburban pubs and stuffy West-End cellars into New Orleans bordellos and Chicago dance-halls. Helped by a fine selection of evocative photographs, Godbolt has composed an elegy for an age of lost innocence.

Valentine Cunningham

Unarm, Eros

Polonaise by PIERS PAUL READ *Alison Press/ Secker & Warburg* £3.90
By Flower and Dean Street by PATRICE CHAPLIN *Duckworth* £3.25
A Sea-Grape Tree by ROSAMOND LEHMANN *Collins* £3.50

The title names the game. A Polonaise is a 'slow processional dance of Polish origin' and *Polonaise* leads the Kornowskis, of noble and Polish origin, a slow processional dance to the music of time. From the start – when Stefan meditates on the death of God and the livelier possibilities of sweaty Wanda, while sister Krystyna gives up her virginal self to the bank agent, so that he won't foreclose on her father – you know that the chorography, not to mention the choreography, will be familiar but at least well-oiled about the joints.

Krystyna is the active one: netting a job in Warsaw with Blomstein the Jewish jeweller, marrying Bruno the communist activist, living with a Party apparatchik while Bruno is in Spain getting sickened by his work in the Stalinist secret police, betraying Bruno to the Polish police when he runs away from Spain, and finally liberating herself, her son, and lots of Blomstein's portable property just ahead of the Nazis' arrival. For his part, Stefan remains a slob: drifting through a limp Party membership, nearly going to Spain (he stops off in Paris), staying in New York while the crew of his ship sprints heroically home to fight the Germans. He has children and a Jewish wife, but lightly abandons them to Poland and the Gestapo – just as in Warsaw he preferred the path of dalliance with Tilly, adolescent daughter of the princess who backed his plays.

But, typically, his Sadism (always capitalised of course: Stefan does so regret not being French) is, like the jotted erotography that fills his notebooks, paltry stuff. His juiceless dramas pioneer the new Theatre of Brevity. He never commits his relished *acte gratuit* – can't manage to bump off Tilly in the desired climax of pleasure and pain. So much, the novel leads you to believe, for Stefan, whom the late Fifties find living in Parisian squalor, the writer no one's heard of, his only monument stacks of notebooks awash with eros. Scarcely an example to youth: to Krystyna's son Theophil and his new girl-friend Annabel, the anorexic scion of an English earl. History, seems poised to judge Bruno much better: he who had his crises of conscience at the right moments and died a partisan, trying to save Stefan's wife and kids from the Nazis. But – and the irony unfolds with a Polonaisian gradualness apt to the novel's entire manner – it's Stefan who ensures that goodness and innocence will triumph in the young lovers. Rapscallion corrupter and corruptee, he's the one who shoves aside the gruesome roué whom Annabel's parents prefer for her: Polonaising him, as it were, over a convenient cliff. The lovers marry, Stefan gets a happy ending for his new novel (and ours), and finds that God is alive after all. These benisons are, of course, as maybe, but there's no disputing the admirable narrative resource that has commanded the novel's sweeping ironies.

Patrice Chaplin's grisly little shocker bears all the hallmarks of the Duckworth-Bainbridge school of modern English fiction: shrunken novels all, pared to the gristle, tight with domestic horror, muted and shrewd in mid-throe of female anguish but unmistakably anguished. Kitchen Kafka. At her 30th-birthday celebrations in a night club, a normal middle-class housewife starts to be haunted by rough Victorian voices and visions of gaslight and blood, sparked off by a magician's cosy talk of her heart being ripped from her body. Connie starts lapsing into the persona of a Swedish whore who ended with her throat cut by Jack the Ripper in Flower and Dean Street, Soho. Her fate is guessable, if nicely manoeuvred for, at one of BR's only gaslit suburban stations.

Who her ripper may be is left to the paired tale, 'The Love Apple', to reveal. Here too we're webbed in a psychic time-warp, and this second instalment is less engaging, not least because the initial idea quickly thins. What's more, flashy Ken, the once serious composer who sold his soul to the TV ad jingle, seems only too likely to get unbalanced about menstruation and turn ripper-up instead of ripper-off. And, as you'd expect, it's the living women in his world – rather than the soon-to-be-dead one – who now intrigues our novelist most: Ken's lurex wife, the doggy-snack merchant's woman, the secretary with the First in English. Still, Ken's own end is also exuberantly bloody: he's cut to ribbons on the glass of a conservatory jammed with smashed-up tomatoes. Kafka by technicolor.

A Sea-Grape Tree is disappointing from the start, but unsurprisingly so, coming from the pen of a popular lady novelist of yesteryear. It's set in 1933, and shows no signs at all that its author has the technical resources to write anything but the tritest of bestsellers à la mode of that year. Characters are known and knowable through authorial confidences acknowledging none of the doubts the modern novel (*before* 1930 at that) worked so hard at gaining for fiction. 'He is a retired stone-deaf building tycoon, a stooping, shambling giant of a man, with freckled skin and wisps of sandy hair': more Bennettian a description than which you cannot get. He and his ilk come in a matching set of feeble love-plot accessories.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

It Means So Much

The Force of Habit *Lyttleton*
The Thoughts of Chairman Alf *Criterion*
The Seventh Man *Hampstead*

Thomas Bernhard isn't the most optimistic of dramatists. In his *Feast for Boris*, 15 of the 16 characters are cripples, a not terribly tasteful indication of his belief that the world, Europe, and his own Austria in particular, are cumulatively tantamount to a creakily-run Home for Incurables: and *The Force of Habit* is scarcely subtler in putting across what one Viennese critic calls his 'exhibitionist despair'. The main character has a wooden leg, chronic backache, a tetchy temper, and is called Caribaldi, which the very astute will recognise as an amalgam of two of the last century's more seminal political figures. He runs a circus, whose apparent lack of success is hardly surprising, given his preoccupation with Schubert's Trout quintet. He has, however, yet to get to the end of its five movements, which is equally unsurprising, since his fellow-musicians are the lion-tamer, the tightrope-walker, the juggler and the clown on the double-bass. They've been at it for 20-odd years, and Caribaldi is still nagging them on, like a football coach who hasn't yet noticed that his team of cup-hopefuls is playing in frogman's flippers. 'We do not want life, but it must be lived,' he explains in a sort of half-time pep-talk, 'We hate the Trout quintet, but it must be played.'

If you want a meaning, reach out and grab one. The play could be about man's doomed attempts to achieve perfection or, given the spritely, leaping piece with which these grotesques are actually grappling, his equally hopeless search for happiness. It could be about the absurdity of life or art or both. It could be about old rituals, dead routines, the mechanical twitchings of a moribund culture. Since it's called *The* Force *of Habit*, it could be about the way we dopes and wage-slaves are tyrannised into enervating ruts by our masters in government. The impresario Caribaldi could be God, death, Mother Earth, Napoleon, Shakespeare, Chancellor Kreisky, Toscanini, the Pope, the family Strauss, Jim Callaghan, Jack Jones, the editor of the NS, Peter Hall, the Queen, the headmaster of Eton, the general manager of the Royal Festival Hall, or an impresario called Caribaldi. He might be me disciplining my children, or you trying to house-train your dog, or someone's dog chasing sheep into a pen. He might, really, be anything and anyone.

Some dramatic metaphors mean so much they end up by meaning nothing: the ultimate absurdity of the Theatre of the Absurd, calculated to provoke reactionary thoughts even in those who, like himself, have often admired its products for their originality and inventiveness. Certainly, I went home and thought nostalgically of antiquated forms. A naturalistic play can, so to speak, demonstrate a thesis, by allowing it to be acted out by recognisably real people under recognisably authentic conditions. A play like *The Force of Habit* proves nothing: it simply teases us with bizarre and foreign images which we're invited to translate into speculative statements about life. In any case, there's something not altogether contemptible in most people which craves character, plot and development rather than emblems, moral generalisations and dramatic deadlock. But Bernhard's idea of gratifying a thirst is to fill the water-bottle with sand or, more accurately, sound. He has somehow persuaded himself that drama is music, words crotchets or quavers, and his circus's upcoming visit to Augsburg a sort of dominant motif, to be mentioned again and again, like a phrase from the Trout itself. Not satisfied with the inevitable limitations of abstract drama, he has gone out of his way to make *The Force of Habit* more than usually repetitious, static and monotonous.

Possibly we miss the verve of the original German, which I'm told is considerable, in English translation and production. Though it's hard to see what anyone could do with lines as po-faced as 'we must not forget the misery of our childhood – every childhood', Elijah Moshinsky might perhaps have directed with more finesse, a suppler imagination and a niftier eye for detail. He might also have found himself a more credibly domineering Caribaldi than Philip Locke, whose prim, flummoxed bleatings and benign, nanny-goat aspect would scarcely discountenance a patch of grass, let alone tame a lion-tamer. That part, incidentally, is played by Warren Clarke, looking strangely like a hunk of meat that has been dragged from its hook at Smithfield and left, slumped and oozing, on the periphery of Timothy O'Brien's open-caravan set. I was occasionally diverted by this bleary monster, especially when he was trying to murder his piano, by Oliver Cotton's clown, with his elephantine grin, and by Brenda Blethyn's roly-poly, junket-coloured acrobat. Otherwise, I thought the production added about as much distinction to the repertoire of the Lyttleton as *Il Campiello* did to that of the Olivier: not as little as the super-censorious suggested, but not very much either.

Some claim that Alf Garnett is an unequivocal condemnation of spluttering bigotry, others that he gives it spurious respectability. My fence-sitting view is that even those who remain unseduced by his scabrous fatuities tend to have a grudging affection for the man himself, as for some wayward but lovable aunt apt to dance the can-can on the dinner table when the mood so strikes her. If this is so, it is a little disturbing, since racism, sexism and all those other isms in the contemporary woodshed are not just social misdemeanours, at worst quaint, at best charmingly comic. Alf may not exactly make the intolerable tolerable; but he disarms you, muffles your natural resistance, and so perhaps leaves you a little less sensitive to the predicament of those who actually find themselves snubbed, insulted or bashed by your real-life Garnetts. Certainly, he doesn't emerge at all unsympathetically from his one-man show at the Criterion, He's the custodian of Cockney culture and he's also the innocent victim of those impersonal forces which presently afflict poet and peasant, white and black. We leave him blubbering drunkenly over his beer, a raddled, pathetic figure, unable to understand why his job has disappeared, his larder is half-empty, and his home about to be planned out of existence.

If Johnny Speight was determined to make us disapprove of Alf, he could easily do so at this point, by filling Warren Mitchell's slavering chops with racial invective, to the effect that the Pakis and Jamaicans were responsible for his economic decline. Instead, his target becomes soulless capitalism; and, inconsistent though it may seem, I cannot bring myself to protest at his weakness. The truth is that I, too, was successfully disarmed by Messrs Speight and Mitchell. My unreconstructed self, at least, relished the spirit and phlegm with which he twitted the foreigners in the audience, described how Henry VIII founded West Ham United, put forward his proposal for a transfer-system for wives, proved to his own satisfaction that Shakespeare was an East End boy and Gladstone Jack the Ripper, and assured us that Margaret Thatcher 'has as much bloody chance of becoming prime minister as John Stonehouse of being governor of the Bank of England'. It is a funny, scurrilous evening, but also something more. Alf isn't, after all, just a representative figure, a snorting symbol of Wapping chauvinism, to be laughed at or laughed with, according to your temperament. He's an astonishingly complete and real character – justification in itself, perhaps, and certainly a nice contrast with the week's final offering, which puts worthy conclusions first and life itself a jogging second.

This isn't a criticism too likely to worry Adrian Mitchell, however, since his adaptation of John Berger's *Seventh Man* sets out to be a crusading documentary, exposing the plight of these 20th-century serfs whose imported labour has done so much to enrich the rich in Germany, Switzerland and elsewhere. The indignities endured by the migrants at their posting-off point, their discomfort in transit, their bewilderment when they are finally delivered, are all absorbing enough; but then their life becomes a numbing trot between drab assembly line and barrack-room dorm, and that is a dramatic as well as a human problem. The solution might be to pry more deeply into character. It might be to offer a trenchant analysis of the social and economic feudalism whose dupes they are. Mr Mitchell attempts neither wholeheartedly, which is presumably why his play projects not much passion, nor much constructive thought but, instead, a sort of furrowed dismay.

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Films

John Coleman

All's Welles

F for Fake *The Electric from 21 November; The Essential from 22 November*
Schizo *Warner West End 4*
Death Weekend *Ritz*
The Texas Chain Saw Massacre *Scenes One and Two*

One of the more irritating manifestations of new cinema has been its concern to show it is only an illusion, after all. After all, one had suspected as much and was even aware that 24 frames a second could represent less than the truth. So the alienation set up by Godard and even Bergman, who should have known better, was unhelpful: positively rebarbative. At worst, it is rather as if some Shakespearean actor had moved heavily into the apron and declared he was about to deliver an aside. A sign, one might have thought, of relative maturity in the spectator is that he should take the conventions – be they cinematic or theatrical – in his imaginative stride. Then along comes Orson Welles, with his finest sherry-selling voice, and he messes about arrogantly with the medium and one somehow doesn't mind. This is partly, of course, because he has taken fake, deception, fraud or what you will as his brief. Like a crooked advocate, he pretends to delve into serious matters (the nature of illusion, the assassination of honesty) while roguishly having himself a high time. *F for Fake* is mainly a very successful commercial for Welles. I'll buy.

It began around 8 years ago, when the useful French documentarist, François Reichenbach, made a short – shown on TV here and there – about that tremendous art forger, Elmyr de Hory. A certain Clifford Irving was also in Ibiza, whence de Hory had retired, researching the book on him – to be called *Fake*. Irving and his Edith figured in the Reichenbach reportage. Not so long after, the Irvings were to be involved in a stupendous counterfeit of their own, the as-told-to account of the life of Howard Hughes. At some wily, probably desperate moment, Mr Welles descended *ex machina* on all this stuff and decided to turn it to his own ends. The result is a small triumph of editing, as well as a running commentary on film legerdemain. Welles, mostly in his stage conjuror's outfit of black hat and cape, converts a key into coins and back again at the outset for a kid, later plays games with a body suspended in air, as if his largest offer is to be trick-sorcery, before and amid settling down to unsettling us via an editola and the liberal use of rich brown voice-over. He delivers an early warning that he'll be honest for an hour: and the weakest segment of this fantastic compilation is, in fact, when he overruns this – with some matter of a gorgeous, recurrent Yugoslav chick called Oja Kodar whom Picasso is supposed to have painted 24 times (those frames a second?): all lies, obviously, but unfortunately spelt out as such, spoiling what pleasure might have emerged from our recognition of the imposition.

Fun comes in marginalia, which might comfortably have been the final title for a film which was variously heralded as *Fake, Fake?, ?,* and *Question Mark* on its way to Cannes, 1975, and the ever-alert Derek Hill now. Welles rightly sends up all critics through his interpolated observations on de Hory's triumphant fooling of those presumed to be experts on painting (a lovely forger's quote: 'I don't feel bad for Modigliani – I feel good for me'); he implies, incredibly, that Hughes rather than Hearst was in line for the first draft of *Citizen Kane*; he is succinct and witty about his brashness at 16, persuading the Dublin theatricals that he was a fully-fledged actor and proving it. It is agreeable to witness this master, happily not past, of chicanery in such high spirits.

The more so when the rest of the week's commercial offers are calculated to make the viewer think the world a thoroughly dirty place. Those aesthetes of violence, or Ghouls Anonymous, who reckoned *Straw Dogs* as something other than an invitation to throw up should flock to *Schizo*, *Death Weekend* and *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*. The first of these, produced and directed by Pete Walker, puts one in a jocular mood for some 15 seconds by having a heavy baritone explaining on the soundtrack, 'Schizophrenia – a mental disorder . . .' and so on. Then there is that teak-sculpted British actor, Jack Watson, asked to look more wooden than ever, gazing at an item in his evening paper: ICE QUEEN TO WED. Before you can say stop, he is off on what appears to be a murderous crusade. He has a red woolly hat with a bobble on top. Credit where credit is due: Mr Walker successfully achieves an immediate sense of dislocation, what with his odd camera-angles, half-heard dialogue, vulgar but expensive-looking sets. This turns out to be one of those occasions where things have been learnt from Hitchcock, wrong things. There is a gratuitous visit to a fairground, a rubber spider in a soap-dish, a sortie by the ambiguous heroine (Lynne Frederick) to a kind of church-hall séance. Miss Frederick, who is very pretty – and never more so than in a tepid *Psycho*-shower-episode – is the icy skater, just married to a carpet manufacturer of means (John Leyton, a passive presence). Her mum, apparently like that one in *Marnie*, has affected her thinking. The screenplay is by David McGillivray. People are unrelishably killed and nothing is what it seems, unless you have a twisty, guessing, seen-one-seen-them-all brain pan like mine. John Fraser is on display as an atypical psychiatrist and Stephanie Beacham (thank heaven for big girls) is around. It is piss-elegant tosh, dimly lit.

William Fruet's *Death Weekend* is clumsy tosh, another of those good old metaphoric rape-scenes during which a none-too-nice dentist and his pick-up are verbally and physically assaulted by four loonies, led by sexy, blue-jeaned Lep (short for Leper?). A car-chase, a smashing of the rich dentist's artefacts, a strictly impossible escape from it all by husky Brenda Vaccaro: these round out the menu, which concludes on a salacity. The mauled Vaccaro (it is never made quite clear how or where she has been attacked) leans back in her escape car at the close, stop-motion shots making her hair flick about her bewildered head as a few flashbacks of thrusty Lep – whom she has just run over and killed – are equivocally presented as passing through it: did she like him, it, or whatever? One imagines a censor has prevented such knowledge. Either that, or a lousy script-writer. Anyway, the effect is unengaging.

My colleague, Alexander Walker, wrote a justifying programme note for Tobe Hooper's *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, first shown at last year's London Film Festival. I quote from it:

> It describes a mass murder – based on fact, though the scene has been transposed from Wisconsin to Texas – with a Gothic realism that concentrates upon the act itself and does not attempt to interpret it or distance it aesthetically, as, say, films like *In Cold Blood* or *Psycho* have tried to do with similar material . . . Such things can and do happen in our midst. This film brings their nature home to us.

I would have thought that anyone with a normal, sick modicum of imagination could have nightmared himself/herself into the screened happenings. They devolve around a group of hippie-type girls and boys, one in a wheelchair, who get sliced to barbecue morsels by a masked madman with a buzz-saw. A mummified old grandpa is hauled downstairs to suck blood from a girl's slit fingers. There was some laughter in the dark around me. I was sick to my stomach. Use your own censorship: stay away. Or go. Whatever turns you on.

Opera

Eric Sams

Tragic Relief

Troilus and Cressida *Covent Garden: further performances 24, 27, 30 November*

In which opera do we find: an invocation to Venus, a night of storms which is also a night of love, significant off-stage drummings and trumpetings, a watchman's call, a lover kept waiting months for a message, the last-minute entrance of a group of soldiers, and an act of ceremonial *hara kiri*? The short answer is: in *Troilus and Cressida*. Christopher Hassall seems deliberately to have diverted his clear, calm Chaucerian source into a turbulent slice of melodrama; the selection is presented as *opera omnia*. Since the resulting full-blooded Romanticism is attained mainly by copious transfusion, the text lacks vitality of its own. Fortunately Sir William Walton's music is strong enough to sustain it; and the attempt to revive this opera (first heard in 1954) proved largely successful.

Even so, the libretto remained rather a

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liability. Like a Trojan horse within the citadel of the score, it inadvertently emitted hollow and wooden resonances for much of the night. I am somewhat fortified in that view by the composer's own recorded complaint that his collaborator's style had been 'ruined by Ivor Novello'. But that sounds unfair to himself as well as Hassall. If (as Susanne Langer claims) opera swallows words, then a stale style must taint the breath of the music. The real stumbling-block is surely the dramatically weak structure. Perhaps the intention was a pyramidal plot broadly based on the Trojan epic. The perspective gradually narrows, as first nations and then groups of people are seen helplessly enmeshed in the webs of war. Next we are shown two clashing symbols, one on each side: Diomede the Greek and Troilus the Trojan. Then comes the individual character of Pandarus, ironically detached from the conflict. At the apex stands the complex creation of Cressida; the flower of Troy, or rather its Molly Bloom.

As the music ascends this scale of sharpened perceptions it attains ever higher flights of inspiration, culminating in lyric mastery of an exalted order. But the action lacks a base, despite a few perfunctory warlike gestures from the orchestra. If Troy fell at any stage, the cast missed it, and conversely. Indeed, the Trojan War seemed to have been suspended for the duration. This lacuna is not notably well filled by the production. True, the scenic backgrounds are not quite so austere as in that celebrated décor described by Shaw in the Covent Garden of the 1890s, when Heaven and Hell were represented by two holes in a ragged cloth. All the same, the main impulse seemed to be an economy drive. Somewhere en route from the scenery and staging, via the plot and action, to the musical characterisation, the scales began to turn. The name of Pandarus gave a new word to the language, and his themes lend some novel idioms to the language of music (though their accents are not unknown in some parts of Britten). The typical expressions are light and gay, cheerfully amoral, slightly malicious, but always attractively clever and amusing. The role can be played with such insistent comicality as to make the sad love-story mere tragic relief in comparison. Personally I was relieved by Gerald English's realistic restraint; there would already have been quite enough people camping around Troy. Benjamin Luxon as Diomede was in suitably princely command of voice and scene. So was the Troilus of Robert Cassily, who also had an impressively wide range of tone-colour, especially in the higher register, with flute or bugle timbre ready for love or war.

The star of the evening, worth going a long way to observe, was Dame Janet Baker. Her task was the most exacting of all. Cressida was Greek by birth, Trojan by first marriage, daughter of the double turncoat Calkas, niece of the perpetual go-between Pandarus, fought over by both sides like a battlefield; altogether the very embodiment of the divided self, a personality already split, then torn, and finally transfixed. Such parts might well be played as typically tense and peculiar case-histories of Greek tragedy, quite unlike our own family life. Instead, this portrayal had warmth as well as dignity, humanity as well as authority; and it was splendidly sung. Among the rest of a good cast, Elizabeth Bainbridge earned special respect; even as Evadne, companion to the star, she was by no means occulted.

The composer was in the royal box. But the hero of the occasion was his score, which had triumphed over epic odds. Perhaps that victory was itself rather Pyrrhic. The declared aim of composing a 'singers' opera' may have succeeded too well, by creating an opera of song. First, the blank staging sometimes suggested a concert-platform, especially during the monologues. Secondly, the quieter lyrical moments were doubly memorable because only then could the words, even from practised recitalists like Dame Janet and Benjamin Luxon, be clearly heard (the conducting of Lawrence Foster, though generally sure and sensitive, lacked ultimate precision, whether of dynamic level or rhythmic attack). Thirdly, the subtle scoring often contained meaningful nuances more like great Lieder than grand opera. Finally the constant Schubertian echoes and repetitions, the lingering over vocal detail, the quasi verbal inflections of instrumental lines, all enhanced and confirmed the lasting impression of costumed song- and duet-recital with scenic and orchestral accompaniment.

Thus, not only action and plot but style and genre seem to inhabit a no-man's-land. But at least they thereby avoid entrenched positions; and it is good to know there is still a field in which strong individuality can rightly triumph.

Poetry

Julian Barnes

Given the I

In the past, writers have often been treated with a certain sceptical hostility by the young gentlemen of Oxford. When Matthew Arnold, as Professor of Poetry, gave the Creweian Oration in 1864, he was quickly made aware of undergraduate impatience. 'Cut him short,' they cried from the balcony of the Sheldonian Theatre, 'Give him beer!' Even Tennyson, though down merely to collect an honorary degree, compared himself apprehensively to a Christian about to be thrown to the lions. Nowadays, of course, things are quieter: John Wain's first professorial lecture of the year, on 'Poetry and Autobiography', was not merely decorous but positively homely. This springs partly from the nature of the audience (a quarter of whom were of retirement age) and the intimacy of the setting (Brasenose Hall instead of the customary Examination Schools); but also from the Professor himself, who offers a variety of domestic touches, from a paternally confiding manner to the shopping bag and plastic see-thru briefcase in which he stows his books.

In addition, Mr Wain has introduced a novel approach to lecturing. All professors bring something new to the chair: Arnold, for instance (whose lectures were sparsely attended), was the first to drop Latin for English. Mr Wain appears to be the first to drop the fusty convention of the developing argument. This wasn't, he began, going to be one of those lectures which starts with a question or questions, and then gradually proceeds towards an answer which the audience can take home and ponder. The subject was too large: the whole question of the relationship between a fact in a writer's life and an object in a work of art was 'amusingly wide' – though quite why this meant that sequential thought was unhelpful was not made clear.

The evasiveness of the writer's persona was neatly indicated by Professor Wain's first example. Ten years ago Philip Hobsbaum, a university lecturer, published a poem in *Encounter* about a teacher seducing one of his girl pupils; it was replete with references to 'tight blue pants' and 'sweet pudenda', and ended, 'Truth lies between your legs and so do I'. One of his colleagues, spotting the poem, wrote in to suggest that if it were true, then the author-teacher should be dismissed from his post. Mr Hobsbaum, instead of loftily replying, as he might, that the *I* of a poem is not necessarily the *I* of the poet, defended himself rather curiously by saying that 'the incident referred to' had nothing to do with his work as a university lecturer. So, twinkled Mr Wain, then the 'incident' did in fact take place? Perhaps the author took evening classes as well as doing university teaching? Such exchanges, he confessed, always made him feel that the literary world was a madhouse.

Regrettably, the Professor declined to pursue his point, circling off instead on an amiable but scarcely taxing tour of different literary personae: the straight *I* of Edward Thomas, the heroic *I* of Milton, the self-satirising *I* of Chaucer, the tricky *I* of Yeats. The common reader commonly assumed that all literature was straight autobiography: there was even an editor of the *Partisan Review* whose first question, on being offered a short story, was always 'Who's in it?' Mr Wain had experienced the situation himself from the other side. Everyone invariably assumed that his characters were based on real people, and that he was his own hero; when *Hurry On Down* first came out, people used to come up to him and say: 'Fancy you being a window-cleaner.'

By half-way, one was beginning to wonder where, exactly, we had got to. 'I'm coming at it from different points of view,' the Professor then confessed with a certain cheekiness: 'we haven't got an argument progressing yet.' The audience took

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this with baffling goodwill; not a cry of 'Give him beer!' was raised. Instead, the professorial geiger-counter was run over Shakespeare, clicking at each appearance of the author, and the views of other critics were transmitted in such a self-suppressing way that one wondered, almost desperately, what the Professor himself thought. How often had he spotted the man in the work; and did it, in any case, matter? The opinion, when finally delivered, was masterly in its caution: 'I wouldn't legislate against finding Shakespeare in the plays, if that helps you.'

On recent literature, though, Mr Wain was prepared to be more assertive. Personal presence in a poem was one thing, he maintained, but self-expression quite another. How could anyone be so self-important as to say, 'Read this, it's about me'? All that the trendy confessional poets of the last 15 years (Plath excepted) seemed to be saying was: 'This is an interesting poem because it confesses my squalid failure as a human being.' One watched mutely as Berryman and Lowell were given the RSM's boot for whining on parade. Mr Wain, in such moments (as well as in his recent biography of Johnson), can be seen to be developing a Rowseian stance of grouchy dissatisfaction with modern life and letters. There is, of course, some point in getting into practice. The post of University Rowse is bound to fall vacant soon; while the Professorship runs out in 1978.

Television

Ian Hamilton

No Biz

It was austerity time at this year's *Royal Variety Performance* (BBC-1). The cast list was topped by domestic mediocrities, the comics got clapped whenever they mentioned money, and the royal box seemed to have a couple of spare seats. Kicked off by the determinedly bygone figure of Max Bygraves trilling a lament for the richesse of days gone by ('The doctor would come/ If you'd a rash on your bum/Back in my childhood days') the whole show laboured to assert a spangled consciousness of Just How Bad Things Are. 'You remember the show *Sweet Charity*? We're going to retitle it *Sweet IMF*.' 'How come we can't have a car like next door?' 'I haven't been on the dole as long as him.' This was the general level (I counted over half a dozen jests about the dole – each one of them ferociously applauded by the £50-a-seat merrymakers) and it reached its nadir with Max dissuading the antique tigress Shirley Bassey from belting out *Big Spender*. No one could complain that showbiz doesn't know that biz ain't what it used to be.

Not that the wretched prancers and warblers on display had anything to boast about. Mike Yarwood had Denis Healey review 'the show so far' and Healey's one complaint was that it brought happiness to millions, thus undoing his good work. This got an immense, admiring chortle from an audience who should surely by that stage of the proceedings have been half way to the door. All they'd been offered in the way of glittering diversion from their workaday financial gloom was two over-the-hill 'stars' (both of whom have barely been off our screens these last few weeks) and an endless procession of below-par, and one hopes cut-price, supporting acts. Of these I can in fact remember little: the heavily saliva'd fangs of the obligatory Latin American trio, a ventriloquist playing *Mastermind* with a teddy bear ('What's a Hindu?' 'Lay eggs'; 'What do you know about Buddha?' 'Tastes a lot better than margarine'), an Australian pianist called Wayne King (the perfect name for him if you pronounce it right), and a 13-year-old dwarf pretending to be Judy Garland. Rough stuff, and nicely epitaphed by the final close-up of a rigidly aghast Queen Mother, landed once again with Brenda's dirty work.

Nothing there, certainly, that wouldn't have got the thumbs-down from Caligula, who was mounting his own more vigorous command performances on the same night in *I, Claudius* (BBC-2). The episode ended with his assassination and oughtn't to be let pass without a tribute to the performance of John Hurt; somehow he managed to make the tyrant whimsically lovable and genuinely frightening at the same time – it was good to see him carved up at the end, but he's going to be missed. This episode I thought an improvement on the rather strained luridness that seemed to be setting in last week, but they should go easy on the anachronisms: it didn't work to have the deluded Caligula keep saying 'By Jove, that's to say by myself', or to have him issue camp passwords to his captain of the guard: 'Give us a kiss,' 'Touch me Titus', and the like. The success of the series is in the convincingness of its settings, and in the kind of epic-style opulence that has been managed on a telly-size budget; verisimilitude has been achieved and may as well be stuck to.

Authentic settings seemed at first to be posing a problem for Philip Purser's interesting *Heydays Hotel* (Thames); tuning in late to what seemed a late 1930s situation, I was nonplussed to find a character come out with 'I'm sorry about this dreary refugee bit – like something out of Monty Python.' I'd barely done my sums when all was suddenly made clear; the play's neat idea was to dump a group of 1970s types into a 'nostalgia hotel', where decor, food, amusements, even conversation were required to keep faith with the vanished age you'd opted for. Thus, even the radio had a Hitler speech interrupting a routine from the Western Brothers. All was chintzy calm until a radical element among the holiday-makers began objecting to the hotel's lack of interest in the Jarrow marches and other non-appetising features of the epoch: 'But it wasn't like this then – there was poverty.' Some of this dissident material was infiltrated into a hotel concert party, to the consternation of the oldies, and one rather held one's breath here as Purser struggled to prevent his play collapsing into message-making. In fact, he kept his balance rather well.

Not so the author of Saturday's silly episode of *Beasts* (LWT). Patrick Magee battled valiantly against embarrassment in his role as a dotty scientist who believes that we're descended from the wolves. A Darwinian inspector from the RSPCA wants to know what's happened to a few boxloads of live vulpines that have been delivered to Magee's pet-shop. After a few tense theoretical discussions ('Can you *really* mean an individual from one species can change to an individual of another species?') the boyish sleuth breaks into would-be werewolf's small back room. Script fails him when he sees there what he sees: 'V-v-v-vivisection!' And mostly, so it was.

Pop

Richard North

Two-Timing

The Kursaal Flyers and **Burlesque** *New Victoria Theatre*

There's a crazy ditty climbing the charts at the moment called *Little Does She Know* ('. . . that I know that she knows I know that she's two-timing me'). It's about broken hearts at the laundromat: 'quandary' rhymes with 'laundry', 'virgin' with 'detergent'. The perpetrators of this sudsy-rocker are the Kursaal Flyers – a band from Southend, and proud of it. The singer, Paul Shuttleworth, spivs around in loud check suits with huge aplomb, a sort of Fonziefied George Melly, to a fast, tight, heavy backing, which at its best is end-of-the-pier Hot Tuna.

When Mark Kidel made his film about the Kursaals for BBC-2 (*So You Wanna Be A Rock 'n' Roll Star*) everyone oohed and aahed that they were the coming thing. Their combination of having the music of the Fifties and Sixties at their fingertips, while being more than creative enough to put plenty of rock into their roll, however imitative the number, was bound to be a winner with a generation for whom nostalgia is a substitute for optimism. The Victoria outing this week showed some seams, I thought. Perhaps the band are too intelligent to be successful parodists: boredom will take over sooner or later. Perhaps success and the record-selling machine is getting to them. It's not the precise point that they now have a personalised and bright new bus at the curb, instead of an antique and heavy-shouldered Transit van (as in the film); but their performance has gone up in the world a bit, too. It had something of the polite, the over-rehearsed, the well-drilled. It's not likely that they will allow any real drift to set in, but the signs were there.

The last 20 minutes dispelled any doubts I had. Pace and the sense of improvisation accelerated to a blazing encore; we could have done with far more. Their music is aimed at anyone whose head is full of a half-remembered Buddy Holly and Eddie Cochran, not to say our own Messrs Fury

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and Wilde, and a world of flounced skirts and aching heartstrings. It has the enormous merit, too, of having caught up with its times, offering something which makes the journey to pub or converted cinema worth making.

At this gig, Burlesque were the backing group; they messed around with anything from *South Pacific* to Bernstein, with *Quando, Quando* in the middle. They were very rude, with a raunchy saxophone and a lead guitarist got up in baggy denim and shaved head, and a weird, neurotic style. The respected critical fellow I went with thought them 'insipid', too farcical. But then he can remember the Squadronaires.

Weekend Competition

No 2439 Set by E. O. Parrott

Richard Boston in the *Guardian* recently unleashed on the world a new kind of joke (or is it just a new kind of misprint?): If Joseph Conrad rewrote Henry James, the book would be called *The Turn of the Crew*. More, please, by 3 December.

Result of No 2436 Set by Robin Chase

Following James Fenton's twitting of Clive James about his down-under rhymes ('Thetis' and 'defeat us', etc.), competitors were asked to compose heroic couplets in which every rhyme rested on some phonetic misapprehension, regional or otherwise.

Report by Spiro Keats

False rhymes, half rhymes, very very bad rhymes – all afford a certain tormented pleasure when artfully deployed. Our competitors, with their usual coltish brilliance, interpreted this comp in various ways (regional jibes, pseudo-erudite bellyflops, attacks on Clive James – though they all show, incidentally, that the form is harder than it looks), and I, with my usual calm eclecticism, award them £7 each. Ah, yes: my attention has been drawn to a letter in the NEW STATESMAN of 5 November from Mr Graham Greene, in which he argues that Stanley J. Sharpless's parody of him the previous week was badly off-centre: 'Neither your judge [Sir Gel] nor Mr Sharpless can ever have read anything I ever wrote.' What, never ever? Pompous stuff, I think you'll agree. Actually, of course, Stanley's entry was more caricature than parody – for instance, does Mr Green think we think his priests say things like 'Sometimes it's hard to tell your R.C. from your elbow'? Come off it, Mr Greene!

No sod nor shiela will deny that I'm a
Dab hand at satire and a bonza rhymer.
Britannia Bright's about the best there's been
Since Byron bitched the London social scene.
Maybe I'm not up there among the greats
With Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson
and Keats,
But, in all modesty, I think I can
Run rings round Larkin, Hughes or Betjeman.
James Fenton, like a lot of other fellows
Around this town, is obviously jealous:
So may I, in response to his review,
Say 'Thank you kindly, sport, and up
yours too!'?
ROBERT BAIRD

Street Poll on Standard-Pronunciation Bill
– Then up spoke one stout Leylander
on strike:
'Do us a fiver – mite – for Evans' ache!'
Out came my wallet. 'Sure, there's
some mistake'
Said two tall Ulstermen, 'the Made-Ear, like?'
Three large Rhodesians cried, if I'd incinerate
Sub-yeoman exeunts, count on them at
any rate,
And four vast Scots, in fumes of fiery fluid,
Would aye fore-buy Burns' English
with their blood;
Five giant Geordies drove the point in hard
While six titanic Texans sighed, 'My God . . .'
A great response: indeed, I felt quite *dwarfed*!
Why can't we, *rarely*, play the whole
thing soft?
GINA BERKELEY

Out goes Gerry! Our conquering
Jimmy's come.
Now Washington, not Georgia, is his home.
For our Hero's gained his White House power,
Seed of the Carters, once a peanut grower.
Will he burgeon into a healthy plant,
Devoid of guile, cover-up, and cant?
Could a Plains plain man ever behave sly,
Like Nixon's buggers, acting deviously?
'To heal this country's ills': such were
his words.
Will Carter's pills do any more than Ford's?
In him the world now all its trusting puts;
Let's hope this Jimmy is not merely nuts.
PAT BLACKFORD

'Now who,' implored Lord Goodman and
D. Astor,
'Will rescue the *Observer* from disaster?
We're left without an editorial bean.'
Then up spake Murdoch, the Antipodean,
(Another *Sun*? He didn't want to miss it),
'Say, pommies,' he asked briskly,
'Emma Chissit?
I'd like to put new life in the *Observer*,
Strine-style, with tits and bums cover to cover.'
The brash compatriot of Edna Everidge
Was told over a stiff El Vino beverage
That though his offer seemed at first
fair dinkum,
They weren't prepared to sell their soul
for income . . .
S. J. KILMINGTON

Mocking the modish fools and foolish *modes*,
A versifier from the Antipodes
Did reputations harm that some
thought grievous,
Though others said his rhymes were
just mischievous.
Inspired by a satiric Calliope,
Young Clive believed himself a modern Pope
And had his works translated: he could quote
Long passages in Dutch and Serbo-Croat.
Some critics greeted him as a messiah
And welcomed each new book with euphoria,
But many said, 'We'd rather read Lord Gnome,
Whose *Private Eye* is satire's epitome.'
R. D. CONDON

Round the dry Muses' Well bards
flap distraught:
Some blame the Common Market, some
the Drought.
'These frog-sounds have no rhymes; what's
one to do?
Proud insularity, alas! adieu.'
The Well is out of rhyme: mere stinking piles
Of putrid metaphors and stale similes.
'First rabies, now – Let's show those
bl**dy c**ts!' –
A genteel murmur rises – 'Strike at once'
– 'On strike?' cries Jim – 'I thought they all
were dead.
Poets? Redundant. We have prose to read.'
And, like the Dodo, spurned by fickle Nature,
The rhymesters, still shrivelling like the
pound in stature,
Sink in the viewless ooze of sub-literature.
PETER SCHROEDER

Astride her one-wheeled, wobbly bicycle
Britannia rides, her mien lackadaisical.
Aghast, *Europa* gasps – then holds her breath:
The idiot's heading straight towards the Lethe.
The water's deep; its temperature polar,
And *Libra* doesn't float, unlike dollar.
Her past was glorious. What of the future?
How will we read her great literature?
For English pronunciation's a problem:
The sounds are rarely quite what they
might seem.
Oh, why did she start on metrication
And leave spelling reform in oblivion?
C. VITA-FINZI

The city that bestrides the rolling *Thames*
Houses, 'mongst other rhymers, *Master James*,
For those of you who know not whom I mean,
A richly gifted, young *Antipodean*,
Of rhythmic form and rhyme completely
master,
And not, as some aver, a poetaster
(For instance when reviewed in the
NEW STATESMAN
By Fenton, who turned out to be no yes-man).
Clive, pliant as the primal protozoon,
Finds gentle uses for the harsh lampoon.

In your immortal lines long may you live
To warm your victims' hearts. Good on
you Clive!
JEDEDIAH BARROW

Tony Miles

Chess

No 8 The Haifa Olympiad

The 1976 Haifa Olympiad produced one of the closest finishes in the history of the event. The early lead was held by the West Germans until they crashed 1 - 3 to a relatively inexperienced Philippines team, which in turn lost to England ½ - 3½ who thus assumed first place. Thereafter England drew their next three matches, allowing the Dutch to take the lead which they increased to a seemingly invincible 2½ points (over England and USA) with three rounds to go.

Then Holland met West Germany, apparently the last serious resistance they would encounter, and managed only a 2 - 2 draw. Meanwhile the USA crushed Switzerland 4 - 0 and England beat Sweden 3 - 1 (which but for a colossal blunder would have been 4 - 0). In the penultimate round Holland were fortunate to scramble 2½ - 1½ against the erratic Canadians. America scored 3 - 1 v. Colombia to draw level and England closed the gap to ½ pt. by taking 3½ from the match with Chile.

The final pairings were kind to the Americans, giving them Wales when they might have met the in-form Canadians. Holland were paired with Finland and England with Austria.

In their previous encounters with top teams

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the Austrians lost ½ - 3½ to W. Germany and 1 - 3 to Argentina. On both occasions their top board Robatsch had drawn. Furthermore, in an earlier round, they had lost 1-3 to lowly Colombia – Robatsch scoring the only point. When the teams were announced we found to our delight that a 'tired' Robatsch had been rested! If ever there was a match we could win 4 - 0 this was it.

However, it was not to be. By the adjournment the Austrian bottom board had demolished John Nunn and, since the USA were already leading Wales 3 - 0, our chances of the gold medals. The final score was a miserable 2½ - 1½. The American board 4 soon saved his doubtful adjourned position and so the Dutch, leading 1½ - ½ at this stage, were set the target of winning their last two games to take the title on superior match points.

Timman, the Dutch board 1, duly rose to the occasion, and squeezed a win against Westerinen after 11 hours play, and in doing so clinched the prize for the best percentage score on top board (much to my annoyance), so it was left to Kuijpers to attempt to resuscitate a very lifeless position. He tried for 105 moves and over 13 hours but eventually had to concede the draw leaving the final scores:

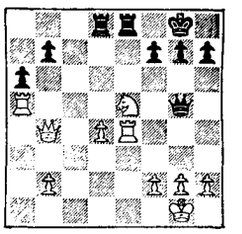
1. USA 37, 2. Holland 36½, 3. England 35½, 4. Argentina 33, 5. West Germany 31, 6. Israel 29½, etc.

I attempted unsuccessfully to find an impressive US win and consequently I give a game which illustrates the immensity of the task which finally overcame the English team.

White: W. Wittman (Austria). Black: M. Silva (Colombia).

1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. N-KB3, N-QB3; 3. B-N5, B-B4; 4. O-O, KN-K2; 5. P-B3, P-Q4? For some reason theory does not consider this move. **6. N x P, P x P; 7. N x P.** The reason, **7. . . . K x N; 8. Q-R5 ch, N-N3; 9. Q x B, QN-K4; 10. P-KB4! P x P e.p.; 11. P-Q4, P-N3; 12. Q-R3.** 12. B-B4 ch, K-K1 (or N x B; 13. R x P ch; or B-K3; 13. B x B ch, K x B; 14. Q-N5); 13. Q-Q5 appears to win almost instantly, but white has more subtle ideas, preferring to start one of many mysterious edge manoeuvres. **12. . . . Q-Q4; 13. Q-N3, Q x Q; 14. P x Q, P-B3; 15. B-R6, B x B; 16. R x B.** With a fine if somewhat irrelevant outpost for the rook. **16. . . . N-N5; 17. R x P ch, K-K3; 18. N-Q2, KR-K1; 19. P-R3(?), N-B3; 20. R-K3 ch? K-Q4! 21. N-B4, R x R; 22. B x R, K-K5; 23. B-B2, N-Q4; 24. B-N3, K-Q6; 25. N-R3.** Else 25. . . . K-B7 but what about the WR? **25. . . . P-R4; 26. P-R4, N-K6; 27. N-B4.** Possibly white did not like the look of the consistent 27. B-B7. e.g. . . . R-KB1! 28. R x P, R-B8 ch; 29. K-R2, N x RP; 30. N-B4, N-N5 ch; 31. K-R3, R-R8 ch; 32. K-N3, P-N4!; 33. N-K5 ch, K-K7!; 34. N x N, N-B4 mate. **27. . . . N x N; 28. P x N, K x P.** Now the much travelled black monarch decides the game. **29. R-R1, N-K2; 30. R-K1, N-B4; 31. B-B2, K-N6; 32. R-K5, R-KB1; 33. P-Q5, P-B4; 34. P-Q6, N x QP; 35. R x RP, K x P; 36. R-R7.** Another fine outpost. Any black player with a decent sense of humour would now continue with 36. . . . R-KN1, **36. . . . P-R4; 37. R x P, P-R5; 38. R-N6, N-B5; 39. R-N4, K-N6; 40. R-K4, P-R6; 41. R-K1, P-R7; 42. P-R5, R-KR1; 43. P-N4, R-KN1; 44. K-R2, N-Q7; 45. K-R3.** I cannot help feeling that it would be more appropriate to end with 45. R-QR1, returning the rook to the home from which it should never have been moved in the first place. **45. . . . N-N8; 46. Resigns.** The unfortunate significance of this game is that in his next appearance the player of the white pieces finally destroyed all hope of an English victory.

Problem 8:
Black to play.
How should he continue?
Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 1 December.

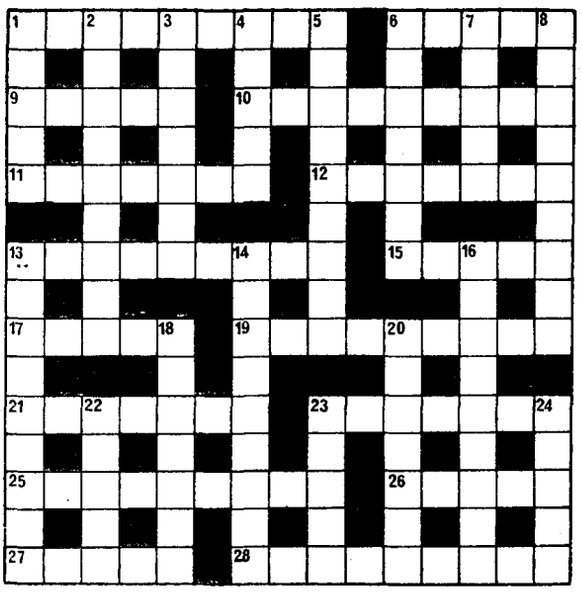


Solution to Problem 6

No. After **1. . . . B x N ch; 2. Q x B, Q x B; 3. QR-B1, Q-N3; 4. Q-R7!!** wins at least a rook since **4. . . . R x Q; 5. R x B** mate.

Weekend Crossword 1191

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1191, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 30 Nov.



ACROSS

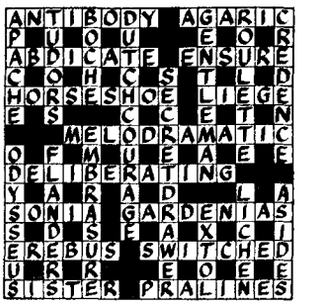
1. Religious heads have their prior uses (9).
6. It is difficult holding nothing as hidden stock (5).
9. 'The raptures and —— of vice' (Swinburne) (5).
10. Things to eat outside the house? (9).
11. Talk foolishly with the graduate beneath (7).
12. A former player, he compels payment (7).
13. European with room for government (9).
15. Emile dressed in something fragrant (5).
17. Wise men measure time in seconds (5).
19. China in place or out of order (9).
21. Speech on holding the proportion (7).
23. Murderer without suitable leader (7).
25. Hard-up worker shows way to record (9).
26. German river which is a ditch in Somerset (5).
27. A reminder there is little gravity in the uncovered (5).
28. What patient may have potentially cured Anne (9).

DOWN

1. Lowest people hold right to be forwards (5).
2. Providing food for ancient aristocratic circle (9).
3. What is left when one dies in obscurity amid regret (7).
4. In bed the demand would be limited (5).
5. It lays eggs and turns the shell over (9).
6. Prisoner has to work the soil without an animal (7).
7. The expert has it roughly taped (5).
8. Ill-disposed tories end in abandoning colleagues (9).
13. State in which female groups study evil (9).
14. It hangs on for a long time after a very quiet finale (9).
16. Something given off makes me rise above a lot of people (9).
18. Knock down in the alley (7).
20. 'Your worm is your only —— for diet *(Hamlet)* (7).
22. Abhor a vacuum (5).
23. Surrendered in making peace dedicated to freedom (5).
24. Woman who loses heart in a French town (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1189



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Peter Berger (Pinner)
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DIVORCED FEMALE, fortyish, wants to laugh and live again. Box 5868.

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SLIM, INTEGRATED London divorcee, professional woman, Jungian orientation, equally interested in inner and outer life, seeks give-and-take friendship with intelligent, caring man, 48-55, who is both adult and alive. Box 5942.

BACHELOR, 38, keen on sports but whose main interest is music, sks relationship with a f. against the increasing cold. Box 5941.

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SINGLE MALE, 35, seeks female for friendship. London area. Box 5946.

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW (31), with boy 9, girl 8, seeks kind, sincere male companion, car owner, for genuine friendship/simple outings. Sussex. Box 5944.

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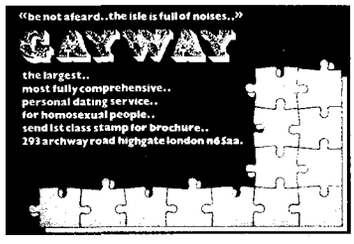
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continued from p. 732

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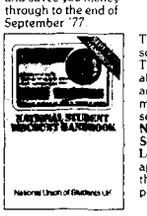

The card and handbook are sold together and cost £2. They're available now from all **Endsleigh Insurances** and **NUS Travel** shops and many student unions. Or send an S.A.E. to **National Student Discount Scheme, P.O. Box 190, London WC1** for an application form with all the details by return of post.

THE END OF THE WORLD

did not take place this week. We think the world has a good chance of surviving until Christmas. The New Statesman will be around until the end of the century, despite the money we give away to students.

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So many of our readers have expressed their appreciation of Garland's cartoons that we have decided to issue a collection of ten prints representative of his work for the New Statesman over the past three years.

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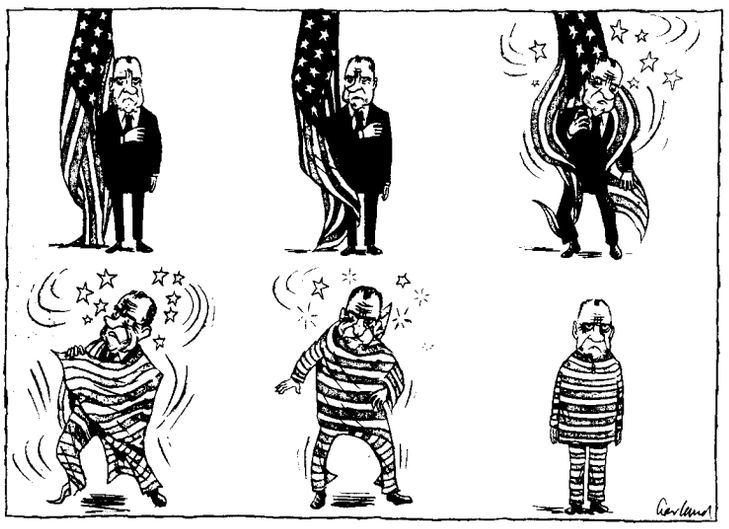

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 92 No. 2383

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Theatres

ABADABA MUSIC HALL: have you been to the Star and Garter? 4 Lower Richmond Road (Putney Bridge). Every Wed.-Sat. 8 for 8.30. Details 789 6749. And still at 'Pindar of Wakefield'.

LOUIS MACNEICE'S PLAY 'One For the Grave', St. Augustine's Church, Queen's Gate, SW7. 19 & 20 November at 8 p.m. Production by Actors Studio Theatre. Tickets 75p. Bookable 01-584 1960.

ALMOST FREE THEATRE, 9 Rupert Street, W1. 01-485 6224. Opening 22 Nov. 'The Swing' by Edward Bond. 1.15 daily.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. 'A Seventh Man' by Adrian Mitchell. Eves. 8 p.m. Sats. 5 & 8 p.m.

LYTTELTON (New National Theatre). 928 2252. Visit of T.N.P. for 2 weeks. Tonight 7.45, tomorrow 2.30 & 7.45 'Tartuffe'. Next week 'La Dispute'. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of performance, from 8.30 a.m. Car park open evenings.

THEATRE ROYAL WINDSOR, 95 61107. 23 Nov.-11 Dec. Trevor Bannister in 'A Bit Between the Teeth', by Michael Pertwee.

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ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Eves 8, Sats. 5 & 8.30. Norman Beaton in Mustapha Matura's 'Rum an Coca-Cola. 'V. funny' . . . D. Express, 'A great evening' . . . F.T.

THE SUGAWN THEATRE presents 'God is Dead on Balls Pond Road', a new play by J. M. O'Neill. Mon.-Thurs. at 8 p.m. Admission 70p. Box Office 254 1458. The Sugawn Theatre, The Duke of Wellington, Balls Pond Road, Islington, N1.

VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB. 25-28 Nov. Clifford Odet's 'Golden Boy'. Details RADA, 62 Gower St, WC1. 01-637 7076.

WORD & ACTION (DORSET) presents 'Flute Below' a new comedy by R. G. Gregory, at the Cockpit, Gateforth St, NW8. Wed. 1 Dec. 7.30 p.m. Admission at door. Details: Weymouth 74205.

Concerts

LONDON PLANETARIUM CONCERTS. Voice & Electronics concert for children at 5.15 p.m. on Saturday 20 November, with evening performance at 8 p.m. Sarah Walker (mezzo-soprano) and Denis Smalley (electronics) perform works by Francois Bayle, Cage, Berio, Cathy Berberian, Stockhausen, Denis Smalley. Tickets: Children 50p, Adults £1 from Planetarium Secretary, London Planetarium, Marylebone Road, NW1. (Tel: 01-486 1121) or Park Lane Group, 1 Montague Street, WC1. (Tel: 01-637 9778).

SHOSTAKOVICH 5th SYMPHONY at St John's, Smith Sq., SW1. Sun. 28 Nov. 19.30 hrs. Seats all unreserved. Potters Bar (77) 50735. Joseph D. Pilbery, Conductor.

Exhibitions

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EXHIBITION OF FRENCH POSTERS by Savignac, Pages, Gid, Cieslewicz, etc., from Wednesday 17 November to Tuesday 30 November (10 a.m. to 6 p.m.) at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, London SW7. Tel: 01-589 6211 ext. 38. Admission free.

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Entertainments

YOUNG MAPAM SOCIAL EVENING. Sat. 20 November. Disco/Wine, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. £1. 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. Finchley Rd tube.

WRITERS AND ACTORS WORKSHOP. Sunday 14/21 Nov. at the Green Man, 383 Euston Rd, NW1 opp. Gt. Portland St. tube. Entrance 50p. All welcome. Forthcoming programme being arranged. Your scripts welcome for consideration.

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Meetings

HUMANISING EDUCATION

Dr D. Aspy, Director of the American National Consortium will lecture/demonstrate his new research findings from 10.30-5.30 on Sat. 4 Dec. at Bedford College, Regents Pk, London NW1. Fee includes coffee and lunch. £3.50 (AHP members £3.00). Bookings to Association for Humanistic Psychology, 62 Southwark Bridge Rd, London SE1 0AU.

FABIAN AUTUMN LECTURE. Wednesday, 24 November. The Moral Basis of Socialism. Brian Sedgemoor MP, 7.30 p.m. Claremarket Building, Room C.018, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London WC2. Tickets at door 50p or from Administrative Officer, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'The Work of the International Court of Justice' will be given by Professor Manfred Lachs (Judge and former President of the International Court of Justice at The Hague) at King's College (New Theatre 2B18), Strand, London WC2R 2LS at 5 p.m. on 26 November 1976. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Department of German, Public Lectures, 6.30. Admission free. 24 Nov. 'Die dramatische Form der Volksstücke Odön von Horváths' by Professor Alfred Doppler.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 23 Nov. 'The Blacksmith, the Baker, the Blood Pudding Maker' (a film made in south-western France which attempts to convey the French way of life today); 25 Nov. 'Games and Decisions: Conflict and Cooperation' by Professor C. A. B. Smith.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Indo-Muslim Culture in the 18th Century' will be given by Professor Dr. Annemarie Schimmel (Harvard University) in the University of London, Chancellor's Hall, Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HU at 5.30 p.m. on 22 Nov. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

PIERRE VIANSSON-PONTE, Editorialiste et Conseilier de direction du Monde, will give a lecture on 'Les Francais et le changement' on Tuesday 23 November at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, London SW7. Tel: 01-589 6211 ext. 38. Admission free.

FROM RHODESIA TO ZIMBABWE'. Speaker Godwin Matatu, Editor African magazine. 6.30 p.m. Thursday 25 November. Focus Group, Royal Commonwealth Society, Northumberland Avenue, WC2.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES and Original Americans. Issues of A Modern Age. Public meeting on Friday 19 November, at 7 p.m. Admission free. The Chemistry Auditorium at University College London, Gordon Street Entrance, London WC1.

ABUSE OF PSYCHIATRY, a vital public meeting. 2 p.m. 27 November, Central Hall, Westminster. Recently released after 2½ years in psychiatric prison, Leonid Plyushch, Ukranian mathematician, will speak for the first time in this country. Other speakers: Natalya Gorbanyevsaya, Lord Avebury, Dr Anthony Clare, Prof. Alec Jenner, Joan Lestor MP, Rt Rev. Hugh Montefiore and Ernie Roberts (AUEW). Organised by Amnesty International.

POETRY & POLITICS. Readings of Chinese Poetry and discussion Friday 19 November 7 p.m. Swiss Cottage Library, Adelaide Road, NW3 (S.A.C.U.).

INTER-ACTION is about to open the first purpose-built community arts centre in Britain. Come to a discussion and film evening on the Trust's activities. Wed. 24 Nov. 7.30 p.m. Opportunity to discuss voluntary part or full-time work. Please arrive promptly. Further info: Wendy Buonaventura, Inter-Action, 14 Talacre Rd, NW5. (01) 267 1422.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 20 Nov. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 23 Nov. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 24 Nov. 6.30 p.m. – Public Lecture – 'The Concept of Individuality' – Ven. M. Vajiragnana. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Simple talks for enquirers: Sun. 21 Nov. 8 p.m. 'Sevenfold Man and Nature'. S.a.e., free pamphlet, book list. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Courses

PATTERNS OF WORK and Unemployment Among Young People. 4 Dec. 1976. Held in the Small Lecture Theatre, 35 Marylebone Road, London NW1. Fee £2. Enrolment/further details from: The Polytechnic of Central London, Short Course Unit, 309 Regent Street, London W1. Tel: 01-580 2020 ext 221.

Courses continued on p. 731

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To help keep up the good work, however, we need modern self-righting boats which are now costing £10,000 more than last year.

Maintenance, too, has been hard hit by inflation.

You're already so generous on flag days, and with gifts and legacies, it seems almost wrong to ask more of you. But if only more people would join, or get their friends to join Shoreline (minimum subscription is £3.00 a year), we would have guaranteed help on a regular basis. Once again we ask, can you help?

To: Dept NS, RNLI, West Quay Rd. Poole, Dorset BH15 1HZ.

Name

Address

I wish to help the RNLI in the following way:

I enclose subscription to join Shoreline as an Offshore Member £3.00 (minimum) ☐

Member & Governor £10.00 (minimum) ☐

I enclose my donation of £

Please send me details of how I can help with a Legacy or Covenant. ☐

Entirely supported by voluntary contributions.

RNLI

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